

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 8, No. 22 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Ltd., Proprietors.)
Office—No. 9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, APRIL 20, 1895.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. For ADVERTISERS (in advance), 75c. Whole No. 386

Around Town.

I got the best summing-up of the result of the four elections on Wednesday from an ex-M. P. of the Reform persuasion whom I always call the Mephistopheles of politics. He says the lesson to be learned is that the Orangemen of Ontario are more easily bought and the Protestants of Ontario more easily bribed by prospective favors offered by the Roman Catholic Church, than the Scotch Catholics of Antigonish and the French-Canadians of Vercheres can be coerced by the Hierarchy.

The result in Antigonish, when Sir Charles Tupper, Jr., took charge of the election and lost the constituency held by the late Sir John Thompson, will materially reduce the size of that young man's head. A picture can now be made of his hat with one flash of the camera and will not have to be taken in sections as heretofore.

In Vercheres Hon. Mr. Oulmet, who was trying to establish himself as the Conservative "boss" of Canada, has been bellowing like the Wild Bull of Bashan, and yet he and his party were defeated and the Opposition candidate elected by an increased majority. Mr. Oulmet will also assemble himself in Parliament with a much reduced head, and Dr. Montague will be the lion of the occasion.

Another evidence of the high moral tone of political sentiment in Canada is to be found in the fact that Mr. Thomas McGreevy, who has hardly got his hair long since by executive clemency he escaped from jail, where he was incarcerated for robbing the public treasury, came within seven votes of being the member for West Quebec. A recount may give him this position, but what are we to think of ourselves when this sort of a man can approach nearer to a victory than D'Alton McCarthy, who is at least honest and patriotic?

The Manitoba School question continues to be the burning spot on the much hardened flesh of the electorate of Canada. There is no startlingly new phase of it excepting the election of Dr. Montague in Haldimand. His election is certainly a well deserved tribute to his popularity, not to his principles, for he has none. His personality is exceedingly attractive to an audience composed of those who would rather listen than reason, and the belief that he is more than an average man lasts with those who never enquire, after listening, as to what they have brought away with them. Notoriously he is oratorical without being educational, eloquent mostly in the devising of statements that are misleading, courageous mostly when he has a majority of supporters, and up to date has shown his bravery of character almost entirely in doing wrong rather than in advocating right.

He is an evidence that it is easier for electors to follow men than principles. The elector of Haldimand is not perhaps aware that he has made his fight on other people's money. There is no man in the Ottawa Ministry who has been a more subservient political hack than Dr. Montague. Everywhere he has been the paid spouter, the tap through which the wind of the Ottawa Ministry has been squirted, and if any of his enthusiastic friends ever pause to examine the situation they will notice that all his oratorical periods are paid for by someone who puts up his money in order to gain an advantage that the people of Canada, intelligently considering the question, would not grant. It is neither politic nor prudent, perhaps, to reflect upon this class of politician. He is omnipresent because he has a pass or his railway fare is paid; his powers of convincing the public are not hindered by thoughts of a neglected business or an ungrasped opportunity, yet he is the most dangerous quantity that could be injected into the already tainted blood of Canadian politics. If men of this sort are to be our rulers we have a right to ask ourselves, how must we expect to be ruled? Is mouth to be chosen in preference to principles? Are audacity and indomitable cheek to be preferred to political virtue? Is facility in changing one's attitude to be applauded as we would laugh at and approve of the antics of the clown in a circus? It has been Dr. Montague's good fortune to escape by his suave manner and exceeding good-fellowship the criticism of people who neither believe in him as a statesman nor approve of him as anything but a county heeler. It is quite possible that he may reach the highest niche in Canadian politics, for he has certainly proved himself able and willing to adopt any device necessary to hoodwink, mislead or betray those who prize the capacity of the mouth rather than loyalty and goodness of the heart. That a man can be elected who is such a political hanger-on while the issue was one of supreme importance to Canada, marks an epoch in our history which thoughtful men should pause to consider.

Immediately it is noticeable that he would neither have been taken into the Ministry nor advocated by a great phalanx of his colleagues and members of Parliament unless there was a paucity of mouth as well as brains in the assembled Cabinet. Are we to judge the whole Ministry by this itinerant gab-giver that they have set up as a sample of what Ontario can produce?

The general idea is that a legislator should be a man of some importance; a man who has proven his cleverness in some businesslike way; one who has made some sacrifice for

politics; one who has some ideal to which he will be true, no matter what happens. In no respect does Dr. Montague fill this none too exacting description. He has always been a tool, the oratorical worker in a corrupt constituency, the persuasive talker in a doubtful ward, the elusive personality chosen by Ministers who did not desire to undertake the work in doubtful counties. He now enters into his reward as Secretary of State, and all Canada can well afford to shake hands with itself that he has not received a more important portfolio. Yet if this Ministry be maintained, founded by Sir John Macdonald and founded by Sir Mackenzie Bowell, we may expect to find such men occupying the largest positions. They are not chosen because of their patriotism, their statesmanship, but because of their ability to manipulate various sections of the community and to trade for power the most dearly earned and God-given liberties of a people. When we are ruled by clever politicians of the Montague type, who never had a dollar to spend for their own election expenses but were always the employees of corporations and parties, then may God grant rest to the soul of poor Canada.

In the Haldimand campaign, which is but a preliminary of the great fight that is shortly to be waged, no people have distinguished themselves more than Attorney-General Sifton of Manitoba, Rev. Mr. Finn of the same province, John Hewitt of Toronto, D'Alton McCarthy and his namesake of Barrie.

In this, as in the great campaign which Mr. Meredith waged against Separate schools in this province, the patriotic idea that a national constitution should give no set peculiar privileges has not been without a particular and peculiar opponent who was found willing to sacrifice himself on the political altar. Rev. Dr. Caven of Toronto, prominent in the present campaign as against coercion in Manitoba, was a leader of the Equal Rights movement in Ontario, and yet lent his name and great influence to the Mowat Ministry to perpetuate its power and to create a condition in which Separate schools in this province could be, and are, dominant, and the Roman Catholic Church can be, and is, pre-eminent in this province. This being the case, it is not wonderful that Rev. Dr. Campbell of Montreal, emulating the example of the great Presbyterian in Ontario, should throw the weight of his influence with the apparently dominant party in the present issue. There never has been a time in the history of Christianity that some self-seeking divine of some denomination has not been willing to come forward and defend, if not counsel, acts violating every principle held sacred by the Church, which, if abandoned, would tend to diminish the freedom of the subject. With the charming freedom from bigotry which characterizes these ecclesiastics when they start themselves out to do a wrong thing, Rev. Dr. Campbell of Montreal, who is evidently one of those plastic divines who would rather cringe at the feet of a wealthy man than minister at the bedside of the poverty-stricken and dying sinner, writes a letter to Sir Donald Smith approving of the position of the Government. Like the letter of Rev. Dr. Caven in the Meredith campaign, this epistle of Rev. Dr. Campbell was quoted on all the hustings. Does it not justify me in the belief that leaders of our Protestant clergy are as subservient as their rivals in the Roman Catholic Church? Does it not prove that the name of a prominent Protestant divine can be had to endorse any iniquitous religious-political measure that is proposed? Is it not sufficient to satisfy the most ignorant that there are servile priests who serve at the altars of Protestantism who are willing to do, in order to be patted upon the back by the wealthy and the conspicuous, the things which the Roman Catholic clergy do in order to gain lasting influence and dominance for their Church? Rev. Dr. Campbell may not have known what he did or what use would be made of what he did, but in my humble estimation he has done what he should not have done and is lending the influence of himself as a clergyman in the Province of Quebec, and as an apparent but unauthorized exponent of the downtrodden Protestants of that province, to men who are as careless of great principles as they will be contemptuous of him, whose utterances they will read with great avidity, in order to mislead the electorate of Canada.

Reformers can make no complaint, because Rev. Dr. Caven did the same act and did it most effectually. That Rev. Dr. Caven is not on the same side this trip will have no effect. They have chosen a different goat to lead the sheep and they have chosen a goat from a different province, and the mistaken and the ignorant will hearken to his words and watch his pranks with the same avidity as they hearkened to the tones of Rev. Dr. Professor Caven when the same issue was being discussed in Ontario. The prayer of those who do not subscribe to the doctrines of the Church that has been beset by and is conducting this campaign, should be to be relieved from a repetition of the utterances of weak-kneed and white-chekered prelates of Protestantism.

Attorney-General Sifton of Manitoba asks if the yoke is to be put on all the other provinces. It would appear that this is the intention of the Government of the Dominion. Newfoundland, applying for admission, asks for a Separate school system. Of course the present attitude of the Government is such that they would give the Roman Catholics anything for a renewal of power, and Newfoundland if

admitted will be given this, and forever and ever the eighth province would have imposed upon it the burden of making children walk to church when they walk to school, of listening to catechism and of learning the road to heaven, rather than leaving these things to the priests and the parents and acquiring readiness in those means of achieving success commercially which a Public school should provide.

Whither are we drifting? Is the great majority in Canada proposing to yield to the episcopacy of the Roman Catholic Church entire direction of our politics and education? Are they to be the governors of this country, the law-makers, the disturbers of every community which desires to have quietude? We ask for no religion in our schools; they ask for their religion. We observe no religious tenets in our schools; the Roman Catholics demand and receive their own. Whenever an outcry is raised they demand British fair play; they get more than British fair play—they get Romish unfair play in the settlement upon their episcopacy of the actual government of Quebec and every province they attack. We ask for the means of building up a nation; they demand that their taxes shall be used to build up a church.

When the Roman Catholic Church was in power in this world and was, as we admit, the great representative of the Christian principle which is now so poorly exemplified in some of our new-born churches, they were the majority, and dissenting churches were in the minority. How did they act? The Church crushed, as far as it was in its power to crush, the minority; they burned, racked and tortured the minority. Now how have they the effrontery to demand that where they are in the minority they shall rule the majority? While they were in the majority they carried things with a high hand; now that they are in the minority they attempt to do the same thing, and the Government of the Dominion of Canada is their absolute slave in this attempt. What can we think of the Government of the Dominion of Canada? What can the world think of this religious heremaphrodite which is our Government?

We have been wearied with this cry of justice to the minority. In the past the minority has gotten everything and the majority has got—LEFT. Are we to permit, were such an instrument to intervene, the B. N. A. Act or any agreement with Manitoba to continue and enchain such a condition? In overturning a wrong thing we have to do the right thing, and in doing so exert all the vigor and yet use all the gentleness possible. The question largely rests, it seems to me, on the sizing up of the effect of Roman Catholic schools upon the citizenship of a country. This I will notice next week. Let us make some demands and see the resistance of "bigots" elsewhere.

The size of the majority in Haldimand suggests the idea that no matter how it may be elsewhere, the Liberals of that county have no right to be called Reformers. It strikes me that a better name for this somewhat queerly assorted outfit is Conformers. Political trades do not irritate them or loosen their allegiance to the strange gods with which they have become identified. In season and out of season they are apparently prepared to do what their bosses tell them. The Conformers of Haldimand are a queer and unlovely body. While Vercheres, Antigonish and West Quebec were practically unanimous in declaring for Liberalism and in sitting upon Tupper and Oulmet, they all conformed to the demand of the Church, while Haldimand, a Protestant constituency, by the aid of the Liberals did the same thing. The Conformers seem to be in the lead in this fight and we have the strange spectacle of those who do not accept the doctrine of the bishops being classed, not as the heretics were in olden times as Nonconformists, but as Conformists. The fight is not over; it may take time to develop it, but the Nonconformists will yet be on top and the Conformers will have shown to Canada how little heart or principle they possess. The mills of the gods grind slowly but the grist is sure, and the bags that now seem bursting full as they are taken away from the mill, when opened will contain nothing but chaff and shucks. Those who are fighting for principle can afford to wait; those who are fighting for a salary have to have it now. It is an old saying that when the pay stops the hiring ceases work, and the only thing for those who are advocating a principle to do is to stop the pay. This may cause slight hardship to friends and acquaintances, but, as in Lent, a little self-denial is a good thing for a party as well as a person.

Without any intention of reflecting upon the commission appointed to examine into the state of the University, I do not think that the circumstances surrounding the enquiry have been quite fair to the students. It was not merely a question between the students of the University and the faculty; it was a question between the people of this country and the University. The institution is one of which the people of Ontario and Canada are proud and upon which there is a popular reliance for the highest class of education. When the inefficiency of the staff was called in question the students should not have been forced to bear the whole brunt of showing that their professors are inefficient. Out of their small incomes it is unfair to take the cost of a first-class counsellor-at-law in order to make it possible for them to present their grievances. Two able

lawyers represent the Province and the professors, and they have gone upon the rule that it matters not how long the commission may last. The students, on the other hand, are within a couple of weeks of the beginning of their examinations and every hour is a distinct loss to them, and they know that every time they reflect upon the faculty their chance of passing an examination is lessened. Certainly the recent graduates, men who now have their degrees but who sat through the lectures of the men of whom complaint is made, should come forward and volunteer statements. The examination of graduates could not involve the danger of a quiet boycott on the part of the professors, and as it is understood that there is a certain amount of hostility between the students and the lecturers, graduates would be listened to with more respect and their evidence would have greater weight than the evidence of those attending lectures. Of course those who have not been in attendance during the recent period could not speak of lecturers who are said to be unfit for the positions they occupy, but there must be a large class of men who are studying law and medicine, or are engaged in teaching, that have nothing to fear from the faculty, and they should be summoned, every one of them, by the commissioners to state what they think of the professors who are alleged to be unfit for their places. Money, too, should be furnished the students to make their case plain, for it is not their fight only, but the fight of everybody in Ontario, indeed, in Canada.

Though the chairman of the commission has stated that he intends to hear all the evidence this week, it is quite possible that the trial will be protracted beyond the possible endurance of the students. With two able lawyers against them and with their own counsel to pay, it might be very possible to starve these students into subjugation. The public could not look with equanimity upon the bliking of an enquiry under such circumstances. Now that it has been undertaken let it be fair and square, and, most of all, let men who have nothing to fear from the faculty, the recent graduates, be summoned to testify. They will not be losing their time on their exams, nor be afraid, and as they have had experience with the objectionable lecturers, what they would have to say would have great weight. Until the Minister of Education and the commissioners do this, I will not be of the opinion that the enquiry has been of much value.

I hear that a new newspaper is to be started with headquarters in Toronto and Montreal, to be edited by Rev. Dr. Campbell and entitled the *Weekly Protestant*.

The defection of Mr. Beatty of Parry Sound from the Ontario Opposition has been commented upon by the daily press, and I am in great doubt as to whether he will be considered a valuable acquisition by the Government. He bases his defection from the party he was elected to support, on the ground that his constituents consider that he can be of more value to them by supporting the Mowat administration. Supporting the Mowat administration means more colonization roads, more favors, more everything to his people, and naturally enough as a business man he is willing to wear the collar of the Mowat Government in order to gain material benefits for his constituents. This evil-smelling alliance is enough to sicken a man who believes in pure politics, yet it is the most natural thing in the world when a man like Mr. Beatty has to choose between an utterly incompetent Opposition and a strong, wealthy and dominant administration. That the Ontario Opposition is in the beastly hole of having its members desert them in this fashion is their own fault; they have been true to no principle; they have been proven insincere in everything; they are, more or less, a lot of chattering magpies and brainless nobodies, and it is really a sin against a man's social relations to be identified with them. Mr. Marter has been ridiculous to the point of being considered a freak; Mr. Howland is too Grecian and absurd to be considered anything but a laughing-stock; Mr. Whitney, who is a clever and hard-headed man, has been ignored, though he is the only member of the party who is above mediocrity. The Ontario Opposition has certainly got its deserts, and that is nothing. The Government will continue to expend money on colonization roads and all sorts of funny business until this province wakes up to the fact that it would pay it to have a strong Opposition composed of men who are not specialists and faddists, but businesslike and sensible people who can criticize business measures without talking of Greek gods and strange fantasies.

The passage of the bill which affects Toronto so outrageously proves that we could have well paid E. F. Clarke ten thousand dollars a year to represent us in the Legislature. It is said that one of the members for Toronto was largely influenced by a loan company in which he is interested. The others seemed entirely incapable, until their attention was called to the enormity of the act, of forming any judgment of it. Toronto's misfortune is its woeful misrepresentation. We are now saddled with an act that is so absurdly conspicuous as a piece of class legislation that the wayfarer, though a fool, can read it as a relief measure benefiting capitalists only. I know for a fact that Mr. E. F. Clarke was the man who directed the attention of both the members and the newspapers to the enormity of the measure. It is scandalous that we must have men in

private life directing those who are paid by the Province and elected by the city to look after our interests. Our politics certainly need purification or this stigma upon our intelligence, this outrage upon our rights would not have been inflicted upon us.

No reader of SATURDAY NIGHT can afford to miss the article on the seventh page by William Wilfred Campbell, whose verse, to put it mildly and to escape the forcible criticism which he makes upon "log-rollers" and mutual admiration societies, is nearest the heart-song of any produced by a Canadian writer. Some weeks ago I ventured to criticize the clique that sets itself up as the Literary Supreme Court of Canada, and I am glad to find that Mr. Campbell does not take issue with me in this matter. More than once I have written a paragraph to the effect that a few in Canada and a somewhat larger but not more intelligent circle in the United States, have ventured to praise or damn what is being written without sufficient ability or pure motive to entitle them to give judgment. Mr. Campbell's article I consider the strongest thing on this subject that has yet been written by a Canadian.

The law exempting two-acre lots and over in Toronto from taxation as anything but farm land has been passed, and while the evil result may be avoided by not changing the assessment of the present year, we have been able to arrive at the value of our representatives. We have four of them. One indulges in long and unintelligible references to mythology; another dabbles in Prohibition; the third is presumably enamored of Protestantism, and the fourth, who did a little something for us, did not wake up in time to catch the train. As the evening papers remark, E. F. Clarke would have been worth ten thousand dollars a year to us as a member of the Legislature. The Mayor and his following were absolutely ineffectual, and this outrageous law was added upon us with only a brief opportunity for the people to express themselves. However, we must hold our representatives responsible, and no fuming and fretting on the part of the Mayor after the event can compensate for the lamentable inaction which permitted the bill to reach its second stage.

Ex City Solicitor Biggar has been accepted by the Council as City Arbitrator. I admit that I am not just sure why this office was created, but I am absolutely certain that Mr. Biggar is not fit to fill the position. On the surface it looks as if Father Mowat was trying to get another soft snap for a relative. His firm act as solicitors for the Sheriff, his son is Sheriff, and with his son-in-law as City Arbitrator we would have a pretty fair dose of Mowatism. Taken in conjunction with the outrage that has been perpetrated on Toronto by the two-acre farm scheme, we have a right to wonder at the patience of the citizens. That the City Council has endorsed Mr. Biggar as the City Arbitrator is really too funny for anything. After being retained as City Solicitor until his inefficiency was made so manifest that the Council could not endure him any longer, he was practically bounced, though given a leave of absence during which he drew pay and did no work. It will be remembered that he almost invariably considered that the city was in the wrong in any dispute or law-suit this corporation undertook. It is natural to imagine that in any arbitration in which he would represent the city he would take the same pessimistic view of the city's rights. If he was not fit to be City Solicitor he is not fit to be City Arbitrator, and the fool-killer ought to get after the aldermen who were so joyous in supporting his claims. In the past we have always got the worst of it in arbitrations, and now we cheerfully accept a man who seemed to be content in letting us have the worst of it in our lawsuits. Without the slightest personal animus against Mr. Biggar, I am of the opinion that he is probably about the worst man that could have been chosen to represent the city's interests in arbitrations. When the Council meets again it should reconsider this foolish nomination and suggest a man with some strength and backbone.

The result of the four elections held on the seventeenth does not make the political perspective any clearer. Practically the Conformers (see Reformers) won Vercheres, West Quebec and Antigonish, all Catholic constituencies, while the Conservatives, or rather Dr. Montague, who is more popular than his party, got an immense majority in Haldimand. Taken in the abstract this furnishes a very instructive lesson to political students. The candidates on one side in the three Eastern constituencies I understand were pledged to support remedial legislation, and the Liberals won. In Haldimand Dr. Montague evaded the issue; D'Alton McCarthy and some of his strong supporters fought against the trades and money of the Government and were badly beaten. The first question that will occur to the mind of the reader is: Is D'Alton McCarthy a failure? Are the people of Ontario not in sympathy with letting Manitoba alone? Such a question I imagine should be answered immediately in the negative. The people of Ontario are in entire sympathy with Manitoba, but they are not in entire sympathy with D'Alton McCarthy. As I have remarked before, he is half-hearted and technical and he has not been able to summon to his side men willing to spend their time, money and energy in his cause. He has proved himself unattractive, yet he has demonstrated the fact that he is active and proposes to see

the fight finished. I do not conceive that he will be capable of successfully leading those opposed to remedial legislation; he seems to lack the faculty of organization, of attractiveness, of being able to find clever lieutenants, and of speaking the truth in a way that will make the truth seem brighter and greater than the commonplaces of a law argument. No one can enthuse an audience with a question in arithmetic; the populace of this country is unlikely to violently enthuse over a problem in algebra or go wild over a demonstration in Euclid. Unfortunately it is true that the man is apt to be more powerful than the principle. D'Alton McCarthy has done, and is doing, a great work in Canada, but his speeches are to be questions in arithmetic or law rather than a grand and warming topic of progress, of patriotism and the purification of the state from all clerical interference. In many things the Ephraim of the Haldimand campaign still cling to his idols. In no case did he really tear loose from the attachments of the past, and he must have seemed to the people utterly incapable of becoming the great man of the country, or with his prestige, his practice as a speaker, the assistance that he received from outside he would have warmed even the heart of Haldimand to a greater extent than he did.

This movement is not dead, and if it succeeds the generations to come will have to thank D'Alton McCarthy for very much. Yet gratitude should not cloud our eyes in looking over the field where the battles of the near future are to be fought. D'Alton McCarthy may succeed in attracting into his rather slender following sufficient to defeat candidates of the regular parties, but it seems to me unlikely that he can successfully organize Ontario as against the advocates of remedial legislation. Those who desire the defeat of this measure and who are willing to contribute to the defeat of a government or party that advocates this measure, I think should organize themselves and either add to the strength of D'Alton McCarthy's hands or associate with him someone who possesses the attractive qualities which he so distinctly lacks. I am of the opinion that Clarke Wallace, when he sees fit to cut himself loose from the *effete* Government, will be the man for the position. It seems to me incredible that he can possibly go through the session and still remain Controller of Customs. As I have before stated, I am convinced that his political loyalty and that personal sense of responsibility which have always kept him in the respect of his fellow-citizens and colleagues as an honest and conservative man, while preventing him from hastily resigning or posing himself as Sir Charles Tupper did in such a silly manner, will dictate to him a course which cannot be avoided and which all Ontario will respect.

It may as well be understood now as later that any demand made by the C.P.R. on the public treasury must be refused. They are entirely selfish in their aims and have had opportunities to protect themselves and make money in their deals. If now they find themselves weak, let weakness be their portion. Canada cannot associate itself any further with an enterprise that has been given a great chance. Every Canadian is anxious for the success of the C.P.R., but no true Canadian can go further than he as a taxpayer and a citizen of the country has already gone.

Money Matters.

That trade is steadily improving is a fact quite patent to even a superficial observer. Recently I noted several evidences of it. These evidences continue to increase, and almost every day some bit of news comes to hand to show that business is moving in the direction of increased activity. There is no reason why business in this province should not pay. Our chief industries here are farming, lumbering and manufacturing. Prices of farm products are at present profitable all around, and if they hold during the year our farmers will without doubt have reason to feel satisfaction. Cattle-raising pays well when sales of live cattle can be made at 5 cents per pound. Cheese is a good price at 9 and 10 cents per pound. Hogs, of which there are large quantities now raised in Ontario, are a very remunerative line at 80 per hundredweight, dressed. Coarse grains are at good prices. Wheat is the only grain that is cheap, and even wheat has lately been moving up. Lumbering this year is more profitable than for several seasons back. Manufacturing will work into better shape as the demand from the consumer for various lines increases. One certain sign that there is an increased demand for general merchandise is shown by the better demand for money. The banks are getting better rates for money and are lending more of it.

The Confederation Life has held its annual meeting and has presented a very satisfactory report to its shareholders. Although business has not been any too good during the past year the association has added \$51,655,000 of new business. For various reasons 39 risks, totaling \$152,000, were rejected. The death claims were unusually light, amounting to only \$162,295. As the association's revenue reached \$1,035,315 it will be seen that they are in a position to discharge all demands on account of dividends, expenses, death claims, etc. The Confederation is regarded as a safely managed institution. It is a credit to the Canadian life insurance business.

Toronto Railway has been down to 72 and back to 74. I think the range of this stock this year will be between 70 and 80. It is not worth 80, but the ups and downs of the market may carry it there or perhaps some higher. It is not likely to go much above 80 or below 70.

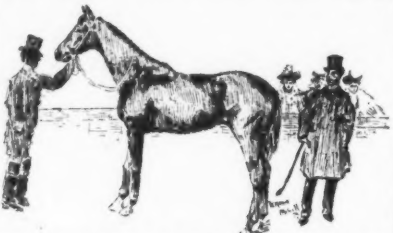
Montreal Street Railway advanced to 192, back to 190 and again up to 191. I feel friendly to this stock.

I have been put in possession of some information as to the new invention of Mr. F. Allard of Quebec, whereby he hardens aluminum to the consistency of iron. Mr. Allard seems to be the Edison in his line, for he it was who rediscovered the lost Egyptian art of hardening copper. He is a very clever man and it is to be hoped that Canada will benefit from his latest invention. He has made a cannon of hardened aluminum, 23 inches long, 5 inches in diameter, the metal of the gun outside the bore being only 1 inch thick. This gun was tested in the presence of Col. Spence, the American Consul, and some prominent Canadian military men recently at Quebec, and a charge consisting of a pound of powder was fired without any appreciable effect. The Minister of Militia has, I understand, ordered an official and scientific test, and a cannon twelve feet long has been ordered for immediate shipment to Washington. Now, I hope that Canadian capitalists will see about this thing on the start and not force Mr. Allard to go abroad to establish his manufactory. Great things may be done if the official test proves satisfactory, as seems likely.

Social and Personal.



HE opening of the Horse Show was blessed by perfect weather and success shone golden over all. People turned out famously, and whether they knew enough not to, as one lady did, comment upon a horse's ankles, or whether they neither knew nor cared for the noble animal, but were taken up with their own human kind, they entered with enthusiasm into the show and enjoyed to the top of their bent the display of animal and human beauty. In the daytime the boxes were filled with a smartly gowned throng of ladies, with attendant cavaliers. Prominent among these were our leaders of society and their following. At night the *mise en scene* was brilliant in the extreme. Many a recalcitrant dame who pooh-poohed the idea of evening dress for such an occasion felt herself in the wrong as the noble array of women made their *entree* and settled down in gay raiment and faultless *coiffures* in their partitioned boxes. There is a touch of splendor added to such an array by the gleam of a bare shoulder and the curve of a milk-white neck, which all the *chiffons* and flaunting ribbons in the shops could not bestow. Visitors from all points of the compass were there, admiring and interested, and what was at one time a venture was so heartily endorsed on opening day that future days and years need have no misgivings of Toronto's appreciation of New York's favorite show. Colonel Turnbull has been for some days in town and was at the Horse Show opening matinee. The show in the boxes was very smart. The band of the Q. O. R. played very well. The Government House box was draped and a magnificent bouquet of sunset roses was on the ledge before Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Mr. E. S. Cox's box was draped with the show colors. Mrs. and the Misses James, with Miss DuMoulin, Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mrs. W. H. Beatty and party, Mrs. Ross Robertson and party, Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore and party, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, Miss Gussie Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lee and party, the Misses Dawson, Sir Frank Smith and party.



Commodore and Mrs. Boswell and party, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham and party, Mr. and Mrs. James Carruthers, Miss Carrie Sanders, Mrs. Arthurs and party were some of the prominent box-holders.

One of the prettiest of the many pretty doings of Easter week was the luncheon given by the ladies of Grace Hospital Board, in the large store lately tenanted by Messrs. Foster & Pender. Crowds of ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a most dainty and elegantly served luncheon at a nominal cost. The pretty white-capped waitresses and sweet-faced matrons (everyone knows what charming women are interested in Grace Hospital) were kept very busy between twelve and two o'clock. Each table was decorated with flowers and ferns, quite in home fashion, and pretty silver and painted china added a rich and refining touch. The luncheon was excellent and should be well patronized to-day. It was arranged for the three days of the Horse Show.

Colonel and Mrs. Milligan of Bromley House give a euchre party this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason and family leave shortly for Europe.

Mrs. Annie Rothwell is to be married here next week to Rev. Mr. Christie of North Gower, near Quebec. The wedding will be extremely private owing to the fact that the bride's family are in deep mourning. Mrs. Rothwell's beautiful and patriotic writings have endeared her to hosts of people who have not the privilege of her personal acquaintance.

Mr. R. R. Bongard spent the Easter holidays in New York and New Haven.

Miss Madeline Spratt, daughter of Mr. Robert Spratt, was married at St. George's church, John street, on Tuesday to Mr. Alexander Moffatt, a New York civil engineer and formerly the well known Princeton half-back. Rev. Canon Cayley performed the ceremony.

Mr. Justice Street and family have moved into their new house, 21 Walmer road, where Mrs. Street will receive on Friday of next week.

I have heard that the most delightful of the Easter dances in London was that given by Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Waterman for their daughter Nettie, on Tuesday evening last. Of this I may have more to say anon.

Many cadets from Kingston paid a flying visit to Toronto at Easter, and the Monday trains bore back the fur-capped warriors-elect to the college.

The musicale and reception at Trinity next Thursday evening is going to be very smart. I believe that the leading basso and tenor of Toronto will take part, and that a reputation of that very charming trio which delighted musical people at a recent studio tea

has been promised for the Trinity affair. Miss Constance Jarvis will sing twice, and Miss Evelyn de Latre Street will play Wieniawski's Polonaise.

Deer Park is to have a fashionable wedding in the Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening of next week, when Miss Florence Burnside will be united with Mr. Robert J. Gibson, barister, of the firm of Gibson & Snyder. After the wedding a reception will be held at Mr. Burnside's residence, Oak Lawn. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson will go to Europe for their wedding trip.

The little bird says that the blue is very blue and the yellow exceedingly yellow in the Horse Show badges; that there was quite a commotion among whist players in regard to a rumored engagement of one of their number last week; that a list of the remedies recommended for the prevalent epidemic would make a cat laugh; that the fashions this spring need a good deal of space for proper display; that some islanders have already been furnishing and rummaging their summer houses; that a man with a non-resident family is worth half a dozen bachelors; that several mustaches have dropped into oblivion; that better late than never doesn't apply to attendance at a ball; that it was a sight to make angels weep to see six handsome men wallflowers in a row on Tuesday evening, and that several society women are enquiring where they can take lessons in bicycle riding.

Mrs. R. S. Williams gave a small progressive euchre party on Thursday.

Hon. A. S. and Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Buchanan and Hon. Mr. Hart were in Hon. Lyman Jones' box at the Horse Show on Thursday.

There will be merry music next Thursday and Friday in King street, when the Toronto Kennel Club will hold their annual Bench Show in the building lately occupied by Messrs. Foster and Pender. This show, which has of late years been held in the Granite Rink, promises this year to be more than ever a fashionable event. The admirable situation of the building will in itself be an attraction, and all the interior arrangements are being made as perfect as possible. A record entry of four hundred dogs will make their "bow-wow" to the public and joyfully welcome the visitors. A marked feature of the show is the large number of lady exhibitors, who will contest for the coveted blue ribbon for their pets.

A very pretty red tea was given on Wednesday afternoon from four to six by Mrs. James M. Thrush, 76 Victoria crescent, Parkdale. Mrs. Thrush was stylishly gowned in black and crimson silk trimmed (with rare old Spanish lace, and was assisted in receiving by her little daughter Hattie, Miss Maggie Score, Miss Ethel Brayley and Miss Rene Hadley.

Mrs. and Miss McLean Howard intended taking an Easter holiday in New York, but Mrs. Howard not feeling strong enough the trip was postponed.

St. Peter's church workers held a most successful tea and sale on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Alder Bliss returns to Ottawa next week.

Cards are out for the Argonaut dance next Wednesday in St. George's Hall.

The Misses Coldham have gone on a month's visit to Toledo, their former home. Miss Whittaker has also returned home. They were greatly missed during the week's festivities.

The lady patronesses of the Argonaut dance are: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. C. W. Bunting, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mrs. F. Montzambert, Mrs. G. W. Arthurs, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. H. C. Hammond, Mrs. J. P. Murray, Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mrs. Alex. Fraser, Mrs. J. D. Hay and Mrs. C. A. Sweeney.

Mrs. Warwick of Sunnehelm has Mrs. J. A. Macpherson of Hamilton as one of her guests during the Horse Show. As usual, Mrs. Warwick and her theater and Horse Show parties were noticeable for exceeding smartness of attire, especially the fair lady above-mentioned.

Mrs. George Warwick has her mother, Mrs. Murphy of Ottawa, and her brother, Mr. George Murphy, as guests during this week.

Mrs. George Tate Blackstock returned from an Easter holiday visit on Thursday.

The Avoca Pedro Club will hold their At Home on May 3 in St. George's Hall.

Mrs. James returned from her Californian trip on Thursday.

The annual At Home of Zetland Lodge will be held on the evening of April 27 at eight o'clock. A concert of an hour and a half, followed by an informal dance, will make up the entertainment of Zetland's friends, and the evening being Saturday the affair will break up early. There is to be an entire absence of formality, no printed invitations, tickets or programmes, and it is desired to make the At Home a thoroughly social evening, largely for the bringing together of members and their relations in a family reunion.

A beautiful afternoon was vouchsafed to Mrs. Sheard for her reception on Wednesday, and a large number of ladies attended thereat. Mrs. Sheard was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Staunton, and her sister, Miss Mab Staunton. The young ladies who presided in the dining-room were a very *parterre* of beauty. Miss Corbett of Port Hope was in white with large pink sleeves; Miss Jean Fisher of Chatham was in white and pale blue; Miss Barber looked very sweet in white. A lovely little lady wore a dark crepon frock with pink roses to match her pretty cheeks. Several others equally busy in kind attentions to the guests and quite as attractive made up a most efficient corps. The duties of these busy maidens are no sinecure in the present state of the fashions, when it requires the coolness and quickness of a very expert dodger to escape a ruinous collision between the insidious ice-cream and the voluminous capes and sleeves of the visiting crowds, several con-

tremps of this nature usually occurring during a tea. Among Mrs. Sheard's guests were: Mrs. DuMoulin, Mrs. Brooke, Mrs. W. S. and the Misses Lee, Mrs. Sydney Sykes, Mrs. Maurice and Miss Macfarlane, Miss Susie Ellis, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Whittaker, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. Brush, Mrs. and the Misses Dixon, Mrs. Alton Garratt, Madame D'Auria, Mrs. Graham Macpherson, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Clougher, Mrs. Manley and many others. In the evening Mrs. Sheard gave a dance for the young people, which was very jolly. Though this tea was a lady's tea, the handsome little sons of the young hostess were much *en evidence* and were duly admired by all the guests.

Some exquisite gowns were shipped from a leading establishment in Toronto to Ottawa this week for the opening of the House.

Whitby gentlemen gave a dance last evening, of which I hope to give an account next week.

The Ontario Society of Artists gave their opening evening on Thursday, when a large and smart crowd of people responded to their invitation to attend.

A dance was given on Wednesday by Judge and Mrs. Street of Walmer road, which was one of the pleasantest of Easter week festivities.

Miss Susie Ellis has returned from a five weeks' visit in Brockville and Simcoe, and has brought back her cousin, Miss Gordon, to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carruther, returned from an extended trans-Atlantic tour last Sunday.

Mrs. Cattannach goes to England shortly to bring back her second daughter, who is at present finishing her education there.

A very pretty figure at the Charity Ball was Miss Mattie Lee, in a transparent black gown, with many apple-green ribbons for garniture. Miss Maggie Gooderham looked the picture of health and animation. Her long trip has done her a world of good. Pretty Miss Josie was, as usual, richly and daintily gowned. The Misses Elmslie were also very charming. Mrs. Austin, in a most becoming black gown, was a former Toronto girl who has been welcomed back with much pleasure by many friends. Mrs. and Miss Buchanan were welcome guests from Stanley Barracks.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Christie returned home on Thursday.

Many well known members of Parliament, on their way to Ottawa for the opening, passed through Toronto this week.

To-morrow the annual church service specially identified with the St. George's society will be held in St. James' cathedral. Canon DuMoulin will preach the anniversary sermon. The annual dinner will be held on Tuesday evening in St. George's Hall, when His Excellency the Governor-General and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, with other prominent gentlemen, will respond to toasts. The supply of tickets is necessarily limited.

It will be good news to many friends to hear of Mrs. Bosworth's return from her Southern trip. During the past winter her dangerous illness and very slow convalescence gave us all a great deal of anxiety. Everyone hopes to see her about again in all her former beauty and fascination. Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth are moving into their new house and for the present Mrs. Bosworth is with Mrs. George Hamilton.

Rural Dean Armstrong of Mooretown died quite suddenly on Good Friday. He was well known in Toronto and his clever son, Dr. Armstrong, made hosts of friends while residing here.

Mr. Thomas Hodgins has been quite ill with grippe. Mrs. and Miss Hodgins have also suffered from severe colds; in fact, many of our best known people are *hors de combat* just now in like manner.

Hamilton has had a musical event this week which has interested Toronto people. I believe a party is formed to make a trip to the Ambitious City to-day to witness a representation of La fille du Regiment, which has been put on in very fine style at the Opera House during the latter part of this week. Our Swedish tenor, Mr. Tor Pyk, takes one of the principal roles and has had great success.

Mr. Cecil Brown has left for the West Indies, where he has a good appointment. He was a great favorite here and will be much missed.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick received on Wednesday, when the lovely weather brought out a number of smart folk in pretty gowns.

An interesting event on Monday will be Miss James' piano recital in the theater of the Normal school.

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ETHER from pre-occupation, the prevailing epidemic of colds or some equally distracting causes, the attendance at the Charity ball was not large. Those who were there enjoyed one

of the pleasantest dances of a season whose re-unions have been often uncomfortably overcrowded. The noble expanse of perfectly prepared floor tempted the lovers of the mazy dance to unusual verve and buoyancy. The music was very good, and many dances were enjoyed. They needed to be, for they were short as well as sweet. The Government House party, including the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick, arrived promptly at the hour named in the invitations, and the ball was opened at half-past nine, with the quadrille of honor as follows: The Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Boulton, Mr. Albert Nordheimer and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. A. O. Beardmore and Mrs. Hoskin, Mr. H. Hulme and Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. G. Sweny and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. H. J. Minty and Mrs. Somerville, Mr. A. Vankoughnet and Mrs. Kingsmill, Dr. Boulton and Mrs. Chadwick. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore black, with a tiara of diamond stars; Miss Kirkpatrick was in pale pink and white lace; Mrs. Hoskin was also in black; Mrs. Alfred Cameron wore dove gray with buttercup velvet and white lace; Mrs. Boulton wore black; Mrs. Chadwick, canary color, with fine black lace; Mrs. Somerville was very elegantly gowned in white satin; Mrs. J. V. Kingsmill wore a very delicate brocade in pearl and pink. Some of the lady patronesses were unavoidably absent. Mrs. Walter Barwick, who had the misfortune to break her ankle during her recent visit east, was much missed. Mrs. Alexander Cameron was away from town. Mrs. Sweny in a dainty white gown, Mrs. E. H. Duggan in pale blue and silver, with a great bouquet of pink roses, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, in a smart shell-pink silk, were among the lady patronesses who attended the dance. A very grateful feature of this dance was the careful shutting off of those dreadful draughts from the dais. The nice arrangement of the screens and the reflected heat from the gas overhead made a most cosy atmosphere in what is usually a bleak and breezy quarter. Mrs. Melfort Boulton wore a stylish gown of black, touched with white; Mrs. Elmslie, that most charming of chaperones, was in black; Mrs. Hetherington of Atherly wore pale pink brocade and looked very well; Mrs. J. B. Hall wore black with white lace and much cut jet; Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet looked charming in pink; Mrs. Mitchell of St. George street wore a beautiful gown in subdued shades of vicar rose touched with green; Mrs. Arnoldi wore black with rose pink ribbons; Mrs. Beardmore was in black. There were a few spectators in the east half of either gallery, and several little parties of guests spent the evening in the galleries reserved for the dancers. Of the young people present, the main characteristic seemed to be a determination to enjoy the unusual opportunity for a dance unspoiled by crowding. They floated over the glassy floor in the waltz, formed great wide sets of lancers, or rushed gaily about in polka and two-step. A critic in the gallery particularly admired the pose and poise of a fine girl in black, whose dancing is always rather a symphony than a tarantella. The Misses Mackenzie wore handsome satin gowns, Miss Mackenzie's of blue and her sister's of pink; Miss Drayton was in pink; Miss Morphy, in white satin; Miss Brouse, in that chic little striped frock which everyone admires; Miss Hedley wore a very pretty striped silk; Miss Ling of Belleville was most sweet and pretty in white; Miss Taylor, an Eastern belle, wore a charming green gown; Miss Paton was much admired in a delightfully quaint brocade, which suited her well; Miss Arthurs wore pale blue; Miss Olive White wore black silk, with turquoise chiffon bodice; a very pretty little matron wore a rich gown of silver gray faille, with scarlet flowers; Miss Wilkes was in white and her sister in pale pink. The gowns generally were far from smart; one might count the gorgeous ones on one set of fingers. Mesdames were evidently holding back for the Horse Show, when things rich and rare adorned the boxes. While everyone wishes that the Infants' Home had reaped richer harvest from this merry dance, still it was only financially that it failed of complete satisfaction to all concerned. Mr. Nordheimer's delightful two-step, which simply carries one off one's feet, was danced *con amore* and encored.

On Wednesday, April 10, the Presbyterian church in Barrie was the center of social interest, when Miss Laura Harper, second daughter of Mr. Henry Harper, was wedded to Rev. Evanston Ives Hart, B.A., (Toronto, '90). The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion, the altar being a mass of flowers, and every available point of vantage was invaded by the friends of the young couple nearly an hour before the time of the ceremony. The invited guests included only the immediate relatives, amongst whom may be noted: Mrs. and Miss Hart, whose return from China was hastened in honor of the wedding, Dr. Harper of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Langford of Cleveland, Mr. M. Hart, B.A., of Standstead, Que., Mrs. R. McClain of Clover Hill, Rev. Henry Harper of Bondhead, Mr. and Mrs. D. McLain, Mr. Watson McLain and Mr. Ross Hart of Toronto. Shortly after three o'clock the bride entered, leaning on the arm of her father. She was attired in white India silk trimmed with tulle and caught up with lilacs of the valley, and wore orange blossoms in her coilure, looking all that a bride should look. Miss Emma Harper, sister of the bride, as maid of honor wore a gown of cream lustre trimmed with blue velvet. Two little bridesmaids, Miss Jessie and Miss Helen McLain, gowned in Swiss muslin, attended the bride, carrying baskets of flowers. Dr. W. A. Ross of Barrie was best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. D. McLeod of Barrie. At the *dejeuner* given in the pretty home of Mr. Harper, many were the good wishes extended the happy twain now made one. The presents included almost every useful and ornamental article needed for the furnishing



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of the parsonage of the Second Methodist church, Barrie. At 4.55 p.m. Mr. and Mrs. Hart left for a three weeks' trip having a stay in Florida for its *terminus ad quem*. In the evening the young people made merry over the occasion at the bride's home, and among those who looked best and led the enjoyment were: Miss Obie Ewan, in white muslin trimmed with white ribbons; Miss Forsyth, in yellow bengaline and black velvet; Miss N. Thompson, in black velvet and blue; Mrs. D. McLain, in heliotrope; Miss Woods, in Swiss muslin with blue trimmings, and Miss Georgie McConkey, in cream satin and green. It is interesting to note that the Barrie Tennis Club is responsible for this harboring of Cupid, and it is said he still holds quarters with them.

An Easter Monday dance at The Homewood, for young people, opened the post-Lenten season.

Miss M. Elkington Harris left this week for a short visit to Mrs. Edwin Martin, in Hamilton, after which she sails for England. Miss Harris will be much missed by many friends in Toronto.

Miss Emily Harmer came from Port Hope for an Easter visit to her parents on Carlaw avenue.

The general agents of the Confederation Life Association recently assembled in the parlor of the Queen's Hotel and presented the superintendent of agencies, Mr. J. Tower Boyd, with a handsome gold watch as a small token of the very high esteem in which that gentleman is held by his agency staff. Mr. Boyd replied most feebly. Among those present were: Mr. F. H. Heath of London, Mr. Smith of Toronto, Mr. Lamb of Ottawa, Mr. Lewis of Toronto, Mr. J. H. Barrie, Mr. Oxley of Toronto, Mr. Cane and Mr. Rush of Peterboro', Mr. Diamond of Belleville, Mr. Gamble of Gore Bay, Mr. Coldridge of Ingersoll, Mr. Taylor of Chatham, Mr. Crawley of Ottawa, and others. After the affair, which was a most pleasant one, they all went to see Mrs. Langtry at the Grand.

Miss Gamon of Collingwood is the guest of Mrs. Gilmore of St. Mary street.

A joint meeting of The Fifteen Club and the Saturday Night Literary and Debating Society was held on Saturday evening last in the parlors of St. George's Hall, when the following subjects were debated: "Resolved, That the system of Separate schools as practiced in Canada is detrimental to the good of the people." For the affirmative Messrs. George Phillips and J. Johnston spoke, while Messrs. George G. Webber and T. Scott spoke for the negative. The judges, Messrs. A. Mills, W. E. Orr and J. Simpson, gave the verdict in favor of the negative. A vote of thanks was tendered to the judges and the meeting closed with singing the National Anthem.

Mr. Ernest Lowndes of the British Bank has gone to Chicago to reside.

A very successful children's bazaar was held on Saturday afternoon last at the residence of Dr. Millman of 490 Huron street. It was under the management of Miss Maude Millman, assisted by the following schoolmates and little friends: Misses Grace Hogaboom, Ethel and Laura Murray, Verna Gilmour, Essie Case, Ethel Muldoon, Olive Secord, Marjorie Cochran, Beatrice White, Hilda and Marjorie MacFarlane, Mabel Millman, Daisy Harrison, Emily and Louie Church, and Masters Percy, Willie and Adrian Millman. The net proceeds amounted to \$35. This sum will be handed over to the treasurer of the Children's Aid Society for the benefit of the shelter. This little band of workers are to be congratulated on their success. It has cost many a day's thought and care, but no doubt their less fortunate friends, the inmates of the shelter, will appreciate this kind effort on their behalf. It shows practically what little folks can do and should be an encouragement to others who would like to help the waifs and outcasts of our city. The Children's Aid Society is doing a good work and should be supported as much as possible.

The performance of Trial by Jury to be given by the young people in connection with All Saints' church on Thursday next, will, doubtless, be a great success. The chorus, numbering about fifty voices of excellent quality, have been rehearsing for some time and have got well up in their work, under the able direction of Mr. Rennie, organist of St. Philip's. The principal soprano part, viz., the plaintiff, will be assumed by Miss Susie Herson, who is popular with our music-loving citizens; the judge, by Mr. Wm. M. McKay of the 'Varsity Glee Club; defendant, Mr. Alfred E. Ecclestone, tenor soloist of St. James' cathedral choir; counsel for plaintiff, Mr. Fred. W. Baker, who has taken leading parts for the Harmony Club in previous seasons. Mr. Joseph W. Baker, a fine baritone, will be Foreman of the Jury. Mr. Fred. J. Perrin, the refined vocal humorist, who has appeared in H.M.S. Pinafore, will have the

comedy part of the Usher. Mrs. Weir, who has given much valuable service as accompanist at the rehearsals, will preside at the piano at the public performance.

Miss Mamie McGarvey, a Petrolia young lady, is engaged to be married to Count Eberhard von Zepplin, second lieutenant Kaiser Wilhelm I Regiment, German Lancers. Miss McGarvey, whose family reside at present in Austria, has relatives in London, Ontario.

Mrs. Samuel May of Niagara street gave a most enjoyable young people's progressive euchre party and dance on Monday evening.

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Author of *Molly Bawn*, *Lady Brankmere*, *The Duchess*, *A Born Couquette*, *The Red House Mystery*, &c.

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CHAPTER XI.

"I wept in my dream, for I fancied
That you had forsaken me,
I woke, and all night I lay weeping
Till morning, bitterly."

Wyndham lifts his brows.
"Pray do not distress yourself," says he. "It is a free country; you can speak or be silent just as you wish. It had merely occurred to me that there might be friends of yours—naturally very anxious about you—and that I might convey to them a message from you."

The unsympathetic nature of his tone has restored the girl to her usual manner more than anything else could have done. She glances at him.
"Friends!" says she bitterly.
"At all events," says Wyndham, who has now begun to acknowledge his curiosity with regard to her, even to himself, and is determined on pushing the matter as far as possible, "there must be someone on the look out for you."

At this she turns as white as death.
"Is there—have you seen—have you—" she looks as though she is about to faint—"heard anything?"

"Nothing—nothing at all," exclaims he quickly, a little shocked at her agitation, that seems excessive. "Do not be frightened. I assure you I know as little of anyone connected with you as I know of myself."

Here again he gives her an opening, if she wishes to make a declaration of any sort, and again she remains mute. There is something even obstinately silent in her whole air.
Her hands in her lap are tightly clasped, as though to help her to keep her secret to all eternity.

"You will not confide in me, I see," says he, with a little contemptuous shrug. "And after all, there is no earthly reason why you should. I am as great a stranger to you as you are to me, and if I spoke at all it was, believe me, because I fancied I might be of some assistance to you. But women nowadays have taken the reins into their own hands and I have no doubt that you will be able to manage your own affairs to perfection. In the meantime, however, if I can be of the slightest use to you in looking out a suitable home, for instance, I hope you understand I shall be delighted to do all I can."

The girl has drawn nearer during this speech and is now standing before him, the frightened eyes uplifted and her breath coming short and fast. "You mean—but here—can I not—might I not—a home you said—"

"Well, yes," says Wyndham. "A home where you might have a companion and be very comfortable—but not here you know."

"But—"

"You can't stay here, I'm afraid," says Wyndham, who, between his anger and his suspicions of her, is beginning to wish he had never been born.

The girl turns away from him, in so far that only her profile now can be seen, whilst her right hand has caught hold of the back of a chair near her, as if for support.

"But why?" asks she in a low tone. "Mrs. Moriarty likes me to be here."

"But you see," says Wyndham gravely, "it is my house, and not Mrs. Moriarty's."

"Yes," she looks at him as if hardly understanding, but presently an expression grows upon her face that gives him to know that she thinks him churlish.

"It is quite a big house," says she.

There is a pause. A pause in which he tells himself that evidently up to this she had been accustomed to houses of very cramped limits. The Circular Road in Dublin would supply such houses, built for respectable artisans and clerks in commercial places, and the best of the decent strata that cover the earth and are of the earth earthy. The Circular Road, or some other road, has no doubt supplied the kind of house to which the girl has been accustomed; this girl, with her pale, patrician face and her singular strength of mind. It is she who at last breaks the silence. "There is plenty of room for me," says she.

"I know. Of course I know that," says Wyndham hurriedly. "But then, you see, it—it wouldn't do, you see."

He looks deliberately at her, as if to explain his meaning, but nothing coming of the look he falls back once more upon facts.

"I come here sometimes," says he.

"Yes, Mrs. Denis told me that," says the girl. "But," eagerly, "I shouldn't be in the way at all. I could stay in that little room belonging to Mrs. Denis—that little room off the kitchen."

"Oh, that isn't it," says Wyndham, frowning in his embarrassment. How the deuce is one to say it plainly to a girl who can't, or won't, or doesn't understand? "The fact is—"

He has begun with the greatest bravery, determined to explain the situation at all hazards, but happening to meet her eyes, this clever barrister who has faced many a barefaced criminal victoriously, breaks down. The eyes he has now looked into are full of tears!

"Look here," says he almost savagely, "it's out of the question. Do you hear?" His tone is so terribly abrupt that it strikes cold to the heart of the poor girl looking at him. If he is going to turn her out of this house, this haven of refuge, where, where can she go?

She struggles with herself, some touch of dignity that belongs to her—wherever she came from, or whoever she is—giving her a certain strength.

"Of course—I see—"

She is beginning to stammer dreadfully. "I am sorry about it—but I thought—I fancied I could stay here. But now—I can go, I can go somewhere. There must be other places, and, indeed, just now you told me there were other places, and that I could go to—"

She struggles with the word "them," the final of her sad sentence, but can't speak it, and now all her hard-found dignity gives way to her everlasting shame, and to Wyndham's terrible discomfiture she bursts into a passion of tears.

"Don't do that," said Wyndham gruffly. It

is impossible to conceal from himself the fact that he is frightened out of his life. Fear because of her tears is nothing, but it is with ever increasing self-contempt that he knows that he is going even so far as to give in and let her stay at the Cottage. After all there are many other places for him in this big world, but for her, perhaps, not so many, and she seems to have set her heart on this little spot, and, hang it all! why can't she stop crying?

"Oh, I'm sorry," says she at last, trying passionately to stifle her sobs. She has turned away from him to the window, and there is something in her whole attitude so descriptive of despair, and fear, and shame, that in spite of his anger, pity for her rises in his heart. "I don't know why I'm crying. I don't often cry. But if I leave this, where shall I go? Where shall I hide myself?"

What on earth has she done? Her words denote fear—a guilty fear! What if he should be about to take as a tenant for the Cottage a well known and hardened criminal, for whom, perhaps, the police are even now on the look-out? Her face, however, betrays her tone, and for the rest he has not the courage to face again a flow of those pitiful tears. Stay she must!

One last protest, however, he makes as a salute to his conscience.

"What do you see in this place that so attracts you?" asks he, with ever increasing grumpiness. The girl turns to him a flushed and tearful face.

"I never knew what a home could be like till I came here," says she. "Never, never! You have had one, all the world has had one, except me. It means new life to me. Oh!" bitterly, "It is the only life I have ever known—the only happiness. If, sir—she comes towards him and with a little impulsive action holds out her hands—"if I might stay—"

"Well, you can," says he ungraciously. He gives in so suddenly, and she is naturally so unprepared for so quick a surrender, that for a moment she says nothing. Her eyes are fixed on him, however, as if trying to read him through. They are beautiful eyes, and Wyndham, his professional instincts on the alert, finds himself wondering what lies behind them in that brain of hers.

"Do you mean it?" says she at last, breathlessly. "If you do, I cannot thank you enough. Oh! To stay here within these lovely walls!" Instinctively she glances out of the window to the ivy-clad walls as if in their protection she finds great comfort. A moment later a cloud gathers on her forehead. "But you don't like me to stay," she says.

"It doesn't matter what I like," says Wyndham, who certainly does not shine on this occasion. "The arrangement we have come to now is that you are to rent this cottage from me; at what sum we can agree about later on."

"To rent it! I shall then be—"

She tries to hide the joy in her eyes, feeling it to be indecent. "It will belong to me!"

"Yes," says Wyndham. At this moment he feels very little more will make him positively hate her.

"It will no longer be yours?"—her voice is trembling.

"In a sense, no." He turns and takes up his hat, this interview is getting too much for him. There will be an explosion shortly if she goes on like this.

"It seems very selfish," says the girl. She is looking at him, though for the last three minutes he has refused to look at her. "I am taking your house away from you."

"There are other houses." He is now putting on his gloves.

"Ah! that is as true for me as for you."

"We have come to an agreement, I think," grimly. "Let us keep to it." He turns to the door.

"You are going," says she nervously. She follows him. "You—"

She stops, and courtesy compels him to look back. Two troubled eyes meet his.

"When?" stammers she.

"I shall come down some day next week to make final arrangements," says he impatiently, and again takes a step or two away, getting so far this time as to turn the handle of the door. Here, however, again he glances back. She is standing where he last saw her, her young face looking troubled, frightened and uncertain.

"Next week!" repeats he jerkily; it is disagreeable to him to think that it is through his fault that the nervous anxiety has crept into her eyes. "And—er—good-bye." He certainly had not meant to do it, but he now holds out his hand to her and with a little swift, eager movement she comes to him and slips her own into it.

A slim little hand and beautifully shaped, but brown, and looking a little as though it had done some hard work in its time, yet the grace with which she gives it to him is exquisite!

Just at the gate he meets Mrs. Denis again. "This young lady," says he abruptly, "seems to have set her heart upon living here. It is extremely unpleasant for me, but she appears to have no other place to go to. She will therefore become my tenant. She will, you understand, take the Cottage from me."

"Bless us and save us!" says Mrs. Denis. "An' yer honor—what will you do?"

"Keep out of it!" says Wyndham coldly. "I suppose she will arrange to keep you on. She—what's her name?" sharply.

"I don't know, sir; she don't seem to like to speak about it. Miss Ella, I call her."

"Ella. Did you say her Christian name was Ella?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah," thoughtfully. "Well, good-bye—"

"But, sir, you'll be comin' again?"

"Yes, next week to arrange about the rent—not after that."

He strides through the gate and up the road. "Faix, an' I'm thinkin' ye will," says Mrs. Denis, watching him with her arms akimbo till he disappears around the corner. "This mighty party eyes she's got in that mighty party head of her, an' so he's not goin' to turn her out after all! Didn't I tell you, Bridget Moriarty,"

rubbing her chin, on which a very handsome beard is growing, "that he'd soften when he put his glance upon her?"

CHAPTER XII.

"Just and youthful jollity,
Quips and cracks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and winks, and weathered smiles."

"Where's our beloved auntie?" asks Mr. Fitzgerald, looking generally around him from his seat on the tail of Betty's gown.

It is the evening of the same day, and still divinely warm. Not yet has night made its first approach, and from bush to bush the birds are calling, as if in haste to get as much merriment out of the departing day as time will give them. From here—in the bushes around the tennis ground, the one solitary court, that Carew Barry and his cousin, Dom Fitzgerald, have made with their own hands, after a hard tussle with the rector for the bit of ground, that seemed to him quite a big slice off his globe—to the big syringa tree beyond, the sweet glad music of the birds swells, and grows, filling the evening air with delicate throbbings. Ever the little creatures seem to call one to another; passionately sometimes, as if bursting their little throats in their wild joy, and anon softly, pleadingly, but always calling, calling, calling.

From the old-fashioned garden beyond comes the scent of the roses. All old-world roses, as befits the garden, but none the less beautiful for that. The rose celeste, and the white rose unique, the cabbage rose, and the perfect rose of a hundred leaves, all lend their sweetness to the air; indeed, on this June evening the place is "on fire with roses."

The little group sitting on the edge of the tennis ground seems very happy and contented; lazy, perhaps, is a better word. Susan, as usual, has Bonnie in her lap, and Tom, the baby, has fallen asleep with his head on Betty's knee. Jacky, still full of memories of the awful burglar he had interviewed in the morning, is wondering whether he will raid the village to-night, and if so, whether he will carry off Aunt Jemima! whilst Carew, the eldest son, who is seventeen and therefore a year younger than Susan, is lazily dwelling on the best choice of a stream for to-morrow's fishing.

His cousin, Dom Fitzgerald, is the first to break the lovely spell of silence that has fallen on them. He is a cousin of the Barrys, and a nephew of their father's and of Miss Jemima Barry also, the rector's sister, who since the death of her sister-in-law has always lived with them and who, if a most exemplary person, is certainly what is commonly described as "trying."

The parish of Curraghcloynne is small; the income even smaller. But if Providence, in giving Mr. Barry this parish as his special charge, had been niggardly to him in money matters, it had certainly made up to him lavishly in another respect. It had given him, for example, a large and what promised to be an ever-increasing family, so increasing, indeed, that it would ultimately have beaten the record but for the untimely death of Mrs. Barry, who had faded out of life at Tom's birth. She was then just thirty-two, but she looked forty.

To her husband, however, gazing at her dead face, surrounded by its lilacs and white roses, she looked seventeen again—the age at which he had married her—and though he was a man entirely wrapt up in his books and theories, it is an almost certain thing that he never forgot her, and that he mourned and lamented for her as few men whose lives are set in smoother places do for their beloved.

Miss Barry, his sister, came on the death of his wife and took possession of the house, Susan being then just thirteen. She had but a bare sum wherewith to clothe and keep herself, and was therefore of little use in helping the household where money was concerned; and it was, therefore, with a sense of thankfulness that the rector four years ago accepted the charge of Dominick Fitzgerald, an orphan, and the son of a stepbrother of his wife.

The poor, pretty wife was then a year dead, but he knew all about Dominick's people. The rector himself came of a good old Irish family, and his wife had been even more highly connected. Indeed, the lad who came to Mr. Barry four years ago, though he had inherited little from his father, would in all probability succeed to his uncle's title and five or six thousand a year. A small thing for a baronet, but still worth having. Of course there was always a chance that the uncle, a middle-aged man, might marry, though he was consumptive and generally an invalid; but all that lay in the future, and at present it was decided that the boy should be given a profes-

sion, but having proved remarkably idle and wild at school—though nothing disgraceful was ever laid to his charge—his uncle in one of his intervals of good health had desired that he should be sent down to Mr. Barry, for whom Sir Spencer Fitzgerald had an immense respect and a little fear, for a few reasons that need not be specified. Though, if Sir Spencer only knew it, the rector was the last man in the world to betray the secrets of anyone.

The rector accepted the charge gladly. He had passed several young men (who had been private pupils of his before his marriage) very successfully for the civil service, and he was doing his best for Dominick now, whom from the very first he liked, in spite of the reputation for idleness that came with him.

Indeed, Dom Fitzgerald had fallen into the family circle as though it had been made for him, and had grown to be quite a brother to his new-found cousins. He at once grew fond of Susan and became on the spot a chum of Carew's, who was reading with his father for the army and expected to pass next year. And he quarrelled all day long with Betty, who accepted him as a "pal" from the moment of his appearing. Betty inclined towards slang.

As for the children, they all loved him; and, indeed, it must be said that he loved them, and spent a considerable amount of the fifty pounds allowed him for yearly pocket money upon them.

"Well, where is she?" persists he, turning a lazy eye from one to another, at last resting it on Susan.

"She has gone down to Father Murphy's about Jane," says Susan reluctantly. "You know Jane is always breaking everything, and to-day she broke that old cup of our great-grandmother's, and Aunt Jemima was very angry. She has gone to tell Father Murphy about it and to say she will never take a Roman Catholic servant again unless he punishes Jane severely."

"And Father Murphy will laugh," says Carew with a shrug. "He knows she must take Catholic servants or do without them. All the Protestant girls of that class here are farmers' daughters and either won't go into service at all, or else only to Lady O'Donovan's or the O'Connors."

"Oh! you should have heard Jane," cries Betty, going off into one of her peals of laughter. "When Aunt Jemima had reduced her to a rage she came in weeping to me—all the forlorn hopes fall back upon me."

"True! Even this poor old forlorn one," says Dom, promptly seizing his opportunity to lift his head from her gown to drop it upon her lap.

After which there is a scuffle.

"Oh! never mind Dom," says Susan impatiently. "What did Jane say to you about the cup?"

"She said—Go away, Dom."

"I'm sure she didn't," says Dom with an aggrieved air. "It's an aspersion on my character, Susan! You don't believe this, do you?"

"She said," goes on Betty, very properly taking no notice of the interruption, "Law, Miss Betty, miss, did ye ever hear 'th' like of that? Did ye ever hear such a row about nothing?"

"It wasn't about nothing, I said. 'Because you know how even father valued that cup though an uglier thing I never saw in my life.'"

"Faix, I don't know what ye call anything," said Jane (she was crying all the time; you know how she can roar). "But yer Aunt herself told me that that cup is a hundred years old, if a day, an' wid that, to make sich a screech over it. Faix, it must have bin rotten wid age, miss; an' no wonder it come to bits in me hands."

They are all delighted with the story.

"I don't think Aunt Jemima would have been so cross with poor Jane," says Susan in a low tone and with a glance around her to make sure of no one being within hearing, "but for those eggs this morning."

"The eggs under the speckled hen?" asks Jacky. "I heard her speaking about them. Won't they come out?"

Susan shakes her head and Carew and Dominick edge a little out of sight. The latter, under a pretense of feeling too warm, hides his face under the big straw hat that Betty has thrown upon the grass beside her.

"They should have come out ten days ago, says Susan, 'but they—'

she casts an uncertain glance at Carew, who has turned over and is now lying with his face upon his arms, and is evidently developing ague fever—"but they didn't."

"Were they all addled?" asks Jacky with amazement.

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"Were they all addled?" asks Jacky with amazement.

"No. They were all boiled," says Susan. "Boiled!" says little Bonnie, sitting up with an effort. "Who boiled them? The hen?"

At this there is a stifled roar from under Betty's hat, whereupon the owner of it lifts it and discovers Mr. Fitzgerald plainly on the point of apoplexy.

Just the sort of thing one would expect from you," says she scornfully. "No wonder you want to hide your face. But you shan't do it under my hat anyhow."

"Oh, Carew, think of that poor hen waiting and waiting for three weeks, and then for ten days more. I call it horrid," says Susan. "I really think you ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you two."

"Ought we? Then we will be," says Dom. "Never shall it be said that I shirked my duty, at all events. Carew, get out of that and be ashamed of yourself instantly."

"Oh, that's all very fine," says Betty, "trying to get out of it, like that. But let me tell you that I think—"

However, what Betty may think of people who put boiled eggs under sitting hens is for ever lost to posterity, because at this moment Jane, with red eyes and a depressed demeanor, comes hurrying up to them across the small lawn, a covered basket in her hand. (To be continued.)



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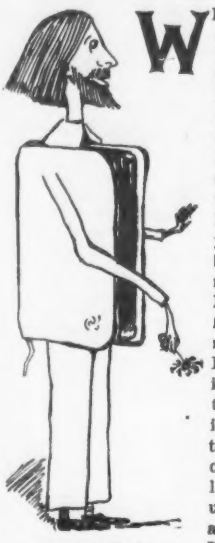
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Books and Authors.



WE have received the second half of the Standard Dictionary published by the Funk & Wagnalls company of New York and Toronto. That it will speedily supersede all previous dictionaries of the English language is beyond question, for it is superior in arrangement and in contents. It is pronounced the first fitting monument erected to the English language, and it is inconceivable that the future can improve upon it, although in the course of years an accumulation of words as yet uncoined may call for a remodeling of it.

Dr. Samuel Johnson spent eight years upon his dictionary and completed it almost single-handed. The growth of the language is evidenced in the number of vocabulary terms recorded in the various leading dictionaries since Johnson's time. The Johnson had 45,000; Stormonth, 50,000; Worcester, 105,000; Webster (International) 125,000; Century (six vols. complete) 225,000; Standard, 301,865, exclusive of the appendix, which contains 47,468 entries. Nearly five years were required to complete this new dictionary, and there were employed upon it 247 office editors and specialists, also nearly 500 readers for quotations, while several hundred other men and women were called upon to assist in the defining of words or classes of words. Nearly \$1,000,000 was expended on the book before one complete copy was ready for the market.

It is difficult to explain in small space the scores of features that make the Standard so great an improvement upon all previous dictionaries. But it is particularly superior in its treatment of synonyms and antonyms. Neither space, time nor labor seems to have been spared in regard to even the most inconsequent words. The popular and readable character of the synonym matter may be illustrated by reproducing a word and its synonyms:

break: burst, crack, crush, demolish, destroy, fracture, rend, rive, rupture, shatter, shiver, smash, split. To break is to divide sharply, with severance of particles, as by a blow or strain. To burst is to break by pressure from within, as a bombshell, but it is used also for the result of violent force otherwise exerted; as to burst in a door, where the door yields as if to an explosion. To crush is to break by pressure from without, as an egg-shell. To crack is to break without complete severance of parts; a cracked cup or mirror may still hold together. Fracture has a somewhat similar sense. In a fractured limb, the ends of the broken bone may be separated, though both portions are still retained within the common muscular tissue. A shattered object is broken suddenly and in numerous directions; as, a vase is shattered by a blow, a building by an earthquake. A shattered glass is broken into numerous minute, needle-like fragments. To smash is to break thoroughly to pieces with a crushing sound by some sudden act of violence; as, a watch case smashed will scarcely be worth repair. To split is to come apart by some other cause, as a nail, and is applied to any other object where a natural tendency to separation is enforced by an external cause; as, to split a convention or a party. To demolish is to beat down, as a mound, building, fortress, etc.; to destroy is to put by any process beyond restoration physically, mentally or morally; to destroy an army is to shatter and scatter it so that it cannot be reassembled as a fighting force. See BEND; SUBDU; TRANSGRESS.—Antonyms: attach, bind, fasten, join, mend, secure, solder, unite, weld.—Prepositions: break to pieces or in pieces; into several pieces (when the object is thought of as divided rather than shattered); break with a friend; from or away from a suppliant; break into a house; out of prison; break across one's knee; break through a hedge; break out upon one's retirement; broke over the rule; break on or upon the shore; against the rocks.

What other dictionary even pretends to do its duty and speak its mind in that manner? And by turning to the word "rend," which is a synonym of "break," we find it treated with similar care and thoroughness, showing all the shades of meaning, and guiding us in the use of prepositions. And, by the way, another good feature of the work may here be pointed out. It will be noticed that the word "break" is not given a capital initial, thus: Break. Throughout the dictionary only such words as should properly be adorned with capital initials in writing or in print are so printed. Let us hope that in time this authority will be consulted, for at present every newspaper has a style of its own. A rule is also followed in regard to diphthongs, and by this rule we find *ea* and *ie* practically expelled, save in Latin words, where they naturally belong.

The hyphen is the most troublesome thing among all the adjuncts of the alphabet. Suggest a dozen words to a dozen expert proof-readers and I do not think any two would divide all twelve words alike. In the ordinary newspaper it is estimated that twenty-one lines in every hundred end with a hyphen. The use of the hyphen in compound words, or what words should really be compounded, is another branch of the same subject. Should one write paper-knife, paperknife or paper knife; corn field, cornfield or corn field? The practice in this dictionary in regard to the dividing of words at the ends of lines is consistent throughout. As to compound words, three rules have been applied. The first rule is that all words should be separate when used in regular grammatical relation or construction; the second, that abnormal association of words generally indicates unification in sense, and hence compounding in form, and the third that no expression in the language should ever be changed from two or more words into one without change of sense. These rules seem to cover the whole question and offer a means of reaching a uniform method of writing compound words. This is thought to be the first time in dictionary-making that an attempt has been made to reduce the compounding of words to a scientific system.

Other new and wise details may be cited. If a word has two or more meanings, the most common meaning is given first, while obsolete meanings and the etymology are given last. The spelling of many words in chemistry has been simplified, as bromin, morphin, quinin, and sulfur. This is rather startling, but we are told that it was done in compliance with

the wishes of the Chemical Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. To show more fully the thoroughness of the work it may be mentioned that under the word "constellation," Professor Simon Newcomb has given the names and locations of all the constellations. Under "stars" the same editor has given the names of all the fixed stars larger than the third or fourth magnitude, that have names. Under "apple" are given the names, qualities and *habitat* of over three hundred varieties; under "bark" we have a list of barks and their uses; under "coin" a complete list of coins. The book all through is a marvel of completeness.

A small group of Canadians were called upon to assist in one way and another in the preparation of this work. Rev. William Wye Smith of St. Catharines was engaged to define Scottish terms. A very large advisory committee had been appointed, and all cases of doubtful spelling and pronunciation were referred to this body, which was made up of distinguished scholars of the United States, Great Britain, Australia, India and Canada. I find these Canadian names in the printed list: Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity College, Toronto; Rev. Prof. Currie of the Nova Scotia Presbyterian College; Rev. Prof. Reynar of Victoria University, Toronto, and Mr. Goldwin Smith. The price of the dictionary, which Funk & Wagnalls are selling only by subscription, ranges, in single volume, from \$12 to \$18, and in its splendid two-volume form, from \$15 to \$22.

A private letter from London informs me that Robert Barr's story, just issued in book form, in the midst of Alarms, has greatly enhanced his British reputation. It is having quite a run at six shillings, and already some twenty thousand copies of a 75c. edition have been sold in America. I read this story when it was first published in *Lippincott's*, August, 1893, and thought it unusually rich in humor and interest. Since then Mr. Barr has greatly improved and lengthened the story. It should sell well in Canada, for the scene is laid here at the time of the Fenian raids, and the adventures, humorous and otherwise, of a Toronto professor and a Canadian-born reporter of a New York paper, make up the story. Robert Barr should gain the front rank with this stirring book.

Andrew Lang has had the courage to refuse his signature to the British authors' petition against the Canadian copyright law. He refuses on these grounds:

(1) Political people do not care a dot for the wrongs or remonstrances of authors.
(2) I am not anxious to see Canada revolt and pitch a cargo of English novels into Montreal harbor (if it has a harbor).
(3) The Canadians certainly will not interfere with my literary property, nor would they find an American market for the wares if they did. The citizens have no use for them. Mr. Lang of course is modest in thus speaking of his own works. His good sense in refusing to sign is a splendid advertisement for him over here. A gentleman so sound in judgment must necessarily write good books if he writes at all. In stating the case, however, he shows that he has been reading some of the letters written on the subject in England by those authors' agents who are so contentedly ignorant of the true situation. "As I understand it, the Canadians, by way of finding work for their printers, want to print our new books, and to promise to pay us ten per cent. This offer we regard as a mere elegant figure of speech. But as nobody dreams that Canadians (a healthy, natural, outdoor people) are going to read our new books, the toil of the Canadian printers seems likely to be unremunerative. However, by seizing our books and selling them at a very low rate to the United States, Canada may do a roaring trade, till the States abolish the law of copyright with us. That halcyon period of Canadian enterprise will not last long, I fear, if it only lasts till America holds the Jolly Roger again on due provocation received."

What Englishmen as a rule refuse to see is that Canada asserts a right to something which she intends to have and which there is neither justice nor good sense in delaying for a period of months.

Miss Marie Fraser, who lived in Samoa for some time, has given us in Stevenson's Samoa, a volume relating experiences in that island with a strong side-light thrown upon Stevenson. When I read James Payn's introductory note I expected great things from the book, but my expectations were not fulfilled. It is very unsatisfying. And then I turned back to James Payn's preface, and perceived that that most interesting and excellent man had said nothing more than a gentleman would feel compelled to say when requested to preface a book written by a lady friend. He is reputed to be a most lovable man, and rumor is verified in his endorsement of a weak book by a lady who personally is no doubt estimable. Published by McMillan & Co., New York; Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto.

Curious Facts is the title of the most curious book that has fallen into my hands for some time. It was probably written for the author's amusement and published in the same humor. It is by Sparham Sheldrake (Sigma). On the title page we are told that there is a laugh on every page, but although I could plainly see where the laugh was supposed to come in, I found it impossible to laugh. The purpose of the author is too manifest. Yet the book has merit, for the author is apparently a scholar and a man who has traveled widely and seen much. Perhaps the best thing in the book is *Bouleversement*, which is written in dramatic form and keenly satirizes the dishonesty and ignorance of a class of Canadians who wolf upon visiting Englishmen. It is wholesome spring medicine for some of our people. The main part of the volume I regard as purposeless—suds and nothing else. Published by Williamson & Co., Toronto. J. R. Wye.

"What's the difference between papa and me, Uncle Jim?" "Give it up. What is it?" "Why, papa's a noun, and me's a pronoun."

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT—ANOTHER PROSPEROUS YEAR.

Substantial Increases in All Departments of the Business—A Large Volume of New Insurance Written—An Extremely Favorable Mortality Experience—Payments to Policy-holders for the Year Exceeded \$435,000.

The annual meeting of the above Association was held at the head office of the Company, Yonge, Richmond and Victoria streets, Toronto, on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 9. There was a large attendance of policy-holders and shareholders and members of the agency staff of the Association.

Hon. Sir W. P. Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., was called to the chair, and Mr. J. K. MacDonald, managing director, acted as secretary of the meeting.

The following report and financial statements were submitted:

REPORT.
Your directors beg to submit to the policy-holders and shareholders the twenty-third annual report of the Association, covering the operations for the year 1894. In doing so it is scarcely necessary to state that the year was one of unusual stringency and general depression in all branches of trade. This could scarcely fail to have a marked influence upon the business of life insurance, and in view of that fact, it will be a source of gratification to all persons interested in the Association to observe the substantial progress made and the large volume of new business secured. It has not been deemed wise to depart from the policy which has guided your directors in the past, and therefore new business was sought for only at reasonable cost.

Your directors had before them 2,321 applications for a total insurance of \$3,531,550. Of these, 2,218 for \$3,469,550 were approved; 93 for \$152,000 were declined, and five for various reasons were deferred. Adding the revived policies, which had been written off in previous years, and bonus additions, the new business for the year was 2,248 policies for \$3,528,204 of insurance.

The total insurance in force at the close of the year was \$25,455,342 under 16,625 policies on 14,667 lives.

The death claims for the year were light, being 93 deaths under 195 policies, calling for a total insurance of \$164,287.50. Under a re-insurance this amount was reduced by the sum of \$1,994.50, making the net claims \$162,293. This is a striking evidence of the care exercised in the selection and acceptance of new business, and is a high compliment to our staff.

The financial statements submitted herewith fully exhibit the position of the association on the 31st December last.

The auditors have continued to give close attention to their duties, and have been thorough and prompt in their work. Their report will be found appended hereto.

Your directors are pleased to be able to state that the head office building is filling up very well, considering the effect of the prevailing depression upon all property of the kind. A considerable portion has been rented during the past year and more since the beginning of the present year.

All the directors retire, but are eligible for re-election.

W. P. HOWLAND, President.
J. K. McDONALD, Managing Director.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

RECEIPTS.
To premiums \$ 807,731 06
To interest 185,380 26
Total \$1,003,315 32

EXPENDITURE.
By total paid policy-holders \$ 435,251 88
By dividends to stockholders 15,248 29
By expenses 204,405 46
By balance 553,419 78
Total \$1,008,315 82

ASSETS.
Mortgages, debentures and real estate \$3,794,298 21
Loans on stocks, policies 578,746 57
Cash in banks and at H. O. 144,491 16
Net outstanding and deferred premiums 152,133 27
Interest and rent due and accrued 107,627 10
Sundries 16,634 26
Total \$4,870,833 76

LIABILITIES.
Reserve on annuities and annuities \$4,339,215 00
Death claims accrued 14,029 61
Policyholders' declared profits 14,479 39
Stockholders' capital and dividends 107,627 10
General expenses 7,936 95
Cash surplus 301,673 91
Total \$4,870,833 76

Cash surplus \$ 301,673 91
Capital surplus 1,000,000 00
Total surplus security for policyholders 1,301,673 91

J. K. McDONALD, Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the books of the Association for the year ending December 31, 1894, and have examined the vouchers connected therewith, and certify that the financial statements agree with the books and are correct.

The securities represented in the assets (with the exception of those lodged with the Board of Trade, amounting to \$84,500, and those deposited with the Government of Newfoundland, amounting to \$25,000), have been examined and compared with the books of the Association and are correct and correspond with the schedules and ledgers.

The bank balances and cash are certified as correct.

(Signed) W. R. HARRIS, W. E. WATSON, F. C. A., Auditors.

Toronto, March 7, 1895.

The president, Sir William P. Howland, moved the adoption of the report and financial statements submitted to the meeting, and in doing so alluded to the commercial stringency which had prevailed during the past year, and whilst these unfavorable conditions had had some effect in limiting the amount of business done by life insurance companies, yet it was gratifying to note that the amount of business on their books had not only been generally maintained, but had shown a satisfactory increase. This Association during the past year secured policies representing \$3,528,204. The total insurance in force at the end of the year was \$25,455,342.

The company had maintained a careful and conservative policy, being determined to keep the expenses of obtaining business within a reasonable limit, and to use every precaution in the selection of risks. An evidence of the latter is to be found in the fact that we have had only 93 deaths during the year, the total claims thereunder being \$162,293 only.

The business of the company continued to receive during the year the special attention of the managing director and staff at the head office, and the favorable results obtained must be attributed to this fact, and also to the very efficient organization which the company have throughout the Dominion.

It had always been the view of the managing director and the Board that the statement of the affairs of the company should be placed before you in as clear, concise, and simple form as possible. That being the case, and the statements having been in your hands for some time, it will not require any special explanation from me, but if any information is required by any gentleman present in regard thereto, I am

sure the managing director will be happy to afford it if requested.

Mr. W. H. Beatty, vice-president, in seconding the resolution, said:

I think that we have fair reason to congratulate ourselves upon the amount of business which has been secured during the past year, which has all been obtained in the Dominion of Canada, with the exception of Newfoundland, which we suppose will very shortly be a part of the Dominion, and where we re-established an agency during the year. The business shows an increase all along the line. The president referred to the depression which had existed in commercial affairs, but when we consider the very large amount of money that is paid for life insurance in the Dominion, aggregating many millions of dollars, we cannot but conclude that it is an evidence of the very solid financial condition of the country.

Allusion was made to the manner in which the head office building of the company was being rented, which could not fail to prove satisfactory to all interested; it was now being rented to pay fairly well; there was every reason to expect that within a short time it would prove to be a very good investment. It was not possible to expect a large building such as this, which was not only a credit to the city of Toronto, but to the whole Dominion, to yield a large return from the outset, but there was every reason to hope that within a limited time we shall have a return from it that we cannot get from any other investment affording equally good security.

I am perfectly satisfied with the report, and I have no doubt our shareholders and policyholders will be also. I have much pleasure in seconding the resolution.

The motion was carried unanimously.

Resolutions were moved, thanking the directors, management, and also the agency staff for their services during the past year, and carried unanimously. They were several responded to, numerous references being made to the satisfactory report which had been presented to the meeting.

The retiring Board of Directors were all re-elected.

After the meeting adjourned a meeting of the new Board was held, and Hon. Sir W. P. Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., was re-elected president; Messrs. E. Hooper and W. H. Beatty, vice-presidents.

A Glangarry Miracle.

The Story of a Young Girl Who Thought Death Was Near.

Her Condition That of Many Other Young Girls—Heart Action Feeble, Cheeks Pallid, Easily Tired and Appetite Almost Gone—How Her Life Was Saved.

From the Cornwall Freeholder.

Nothing in this world is more distressing, and unfortunately it is too common in this Canada of ours, with its extremes of climate, its almost arctic winters and summer days of tropic heat, than to see a young life fading away like a blighted vine. Its early days have been full of promise, but just when the young maiden becomes of a lovely age with everything to live for, or the young man evinces signs of business aptitude, they are suddenly stricken down and too often in months, or it may be weeks, there are empty chairs at the fireside and sore hearts left behind. Not always is this the case, however. Fortunately science has discovered remedies to check the ravages of decline, when it has not gone too far. Recently, a case of this kind was brought to our notice, and the circumstances were so notable and attracted so much attention in the neighborhood that we felt impelled to enquire into them more fully and give them the benefit of as wide publicity as possible.

Henry Haines, who has for several years past acted as farm foreman for Mr. Daniel Currie of Glen Walter, Glangarry county, has quite a large family, among them one daughter, Mary, now about eighteen years of age. Until her twelfth year she was much as other children, fairly rugged and without sickness of any kind. Then of a sudden she became delicate, and as the months went on her parents were afraid she was going into a decline. Her heart beat feebly; she was feverish and flushed, slept badly and had but little appetite. Doctors were consulted, who talked about growing too fast, and such common places, and prescribed different medicines, none of which, however, appeared to be of any permanent benefit. A year or so ago the young lady hoping a change of air might accomplish her what medicine could not, went to Fort Covington, N.Y., where she had some relatives and engaged as a nurse. Even this light employment, however, proved too much for her and in the spring she returned to her parents a perfect wreck, with nothing to do but die, as she thought. But when least expected aid was at hand. Mr. Haines has been reading of

the marvelous cures made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and reasoned within himself that if they had cured others they might save his daughter's life. On the next visit to Cornwall he bought a half dozen boxes of Pink Pills. It may be easily imagined that Miss Haines required little persuasion to try the much talked of remedy, and well for her it was that she did so. In the course of a week she felt an improvement. By the time she had taken two and a half boxes she realized that she was experiencing such health as she had never known before, and her friends began to remark and congratulate her on the change in her appearance. Still persevering in the use of the pills, she found herself when at the end of the fifth box in perfect health and able to engage in all the work of the household and the amusements from which she had up to that time been debarred. She had an excellent appetite and no one could wish to feel better. Hearing of the marvelous change her sister from Fort Covington came over to satisfy herself, and could hardly be persuaded that the robust, happy-looking girl was indeed her sister whom she had never expected to see alive again. Miss Haines says she cannot say enough in favor of Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills, to which she feels assured she owes her life.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like the above related. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or 5 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

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(Signed) DR. OTTO HEHNER,
Hon. Sec'y Soc'y of Pub. Analysts, London, Eng.

"The Truro condensed milk, 'REINDEER BRAND,' has been analysed by our chemist and found superior to the famous Swiss products." (Signed)
PROF. JAS. W. ROBERTSON,
Dum. Dairy Commissioner.

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All the crushing and creasing and careless packing imaginable will not affect it. It is light, strong and durable. It will drape gracefully and may be nearly plaited. Is easy to sew by hand or machine and will not drag and tear at the seams.
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In three weights, 64 inches wide, 35c. per yard, at all the leading stores.
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Beware of inferior imitations.

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FOR BRIGHT CHILDREN

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CONDITIONS—1st. That competitors be under sixteen years of age. 2nd. That the wrapper of a cake of Baby's Own Soap accompany the advertisement. 3rd. That the age, name (in full) and address of the competitor be plainly written and attached to the submitted advertisement.

REMEMBER, one prize is given every week, and if not successful at first—try again.

N. B.—Two or more advertisements may be submitted at the same time by any competitor.

Address—
E. D. ACCOUNT, ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.
McCord and William Stree's, Montreal

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E SHEPPARD - Editor

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROP'RS.

VOL. VIII TORONTO, APR 20 1895. No 22

Stage and Platform

In Old Kentucky, a melodrama of considerable merit, is being produced at the Toronto Opera House this week, and on Monday night, when it witnessed its production, the spacious house was filled to its utmost limits by an audience lavish in the applause which it continuously bestowed upon the members of the company during the progress of the play. It is not the first time that In Old Kentucky has been presented to a Toronto audience, but I very much question whether even in its early days, when, I understand, it occupied the boards at the Grand, it was ever produced to better advantage, or by a company of artists more capable of doing justice to their respective parts, than it has been during the present week. Special mention should be made of the excellence of the scenery employed. The rugged mountains of Old Kentucky are realistically depicted in the opening scene of the play; a capital "picture" presented in the second act showing an old stable-yard in the blue grass regions, where no end of pickaninnies portray the character of the frolicsome nonsense indulged in by the Southern negroes in the days of their emancipation was proclaimed, a particularly attractive fire scene, and a representation of a race-track with the finish of an exciting horse race, in which half a dozen horses are ridden at full speed across the stage, are among the scenes in In Old Kentucky which help to make the play one of the best of its kind. There are no end of exciting incidents in the piece and the author has succeeded in keeping the gallery members of the audience aroused to a pitch of almost uncontrollable excitement. But for those who are not so easily carried away there is something to appreciate, because the story, in which love, hate, revenge and heroism play important parts, is intelligently recorded and is both amusing and interesting. Very briefly told it amounts to this: Frank Layson, described as a worthy son of Old Kentucky, is financially embarrassed, and his only means of righting his affairs is by the disposal of a favorite thoroughbred, Queen Bess, a handsome price for which she has been offered should the mare be successful in winning the Ashland Oaks, for which she has been entered. In his neighbor, Horace Holton, whom Layson has horsewhipped for his cruelty to a negro, he has a deadly enemy who resolves to effect his ruin. Taking advantage of the fact that Layson is in love with Madge Briery, a mountain maiden, with whom also her foster-brother Joe Lorey, a moonshiner, is enamored, Holton causes the latter to believe that certain information concerning the location of Lorey's still has been supplied to the authorities by Layson. This, of course, is untrue, but Lorey, incited by jealousy, is ready to believe it and goes into the blue grass district determined to kill the man who has thus "given him away." On the eve of the great race he is seen lurking about Layson's premises, and Holton, knowing this, fires the stable in which Queen Bess is quartered, but the frightened animal is rescued by Madge Briery, who is a guest at Woodlawn in order that she may attend the races. Thwarted in this respect, Holton next drives the jockey who is to mount Queen Bess. The hour for the race arrives. If Layson's horse does not run and win he will be a ruined man. The jockey is helplessly drunk, and none other is to be found to take his place. The excitement is at its height, when suddenly an unknown jockey, wearing, by the way, the Seagram colors, appears on the scene, springs into the saddle and the race starts. Queen Bess wins by a neck, and then it is found that the jockey is none other than Madge Briery, who, sacrificing her natural modesty, has donned the costume of a jockey and risked the frowns of her sex in her desire to save her lover from ruin. The discovery that Holton fired the stable is followed by the further discovery that some years previously he had murdered Lorey's father, and at the hands of the young moonshiner he is sent to his account with that and a great many more sins on his head. Of course Layson's fortune is saved, and he marries the girl to whom he is indebted for it. Miss Lizzie Evans makes a capital Madge Briery; all the other characters were well represented, and a Pickaninny Band formed an attractive item in the show.

Rose Coghlan is properly a favorite in Toronto, and her excellent company of players always give a good account of themselves. We seldom see three such people as Rose Coghlan, Charles Coghlan and John T. Sullivan in one performance, while other members in the support scarcely fall short of these in ability. Sardou's great play, Diplomacy, has been here before. Miss Coghlan does not to my notion shine in this as she has done in other productions, but the work of Charles Coghlan and John T. Sullivan is exceptionally clever. The chief interest of the present week, of course, centers around The Cheque Book, a new play written by Mr. Charles Coghlan, given its first production here on Thursday evening. I shall endeavor to give this play a readable write-up in our next issue, pursuing the customary plan of endeavoring to make the report intelligible and interesting to readers everywhere, whether play-goers or not.

Rev. Professor Clark lectured on Tennyson's In Memoriam before the Literary Association

of the Church of the Epiphany, Parkdale, on Tuesday evening. The Association has been studying the works of the late laureate during the season and this able lecture by Prof. Clark was a fitting close to these studies.

Rev. H. H. Woude, one of the very best of local Shakespearean scholars, closed the season of the Unity Club of the Jarvis street Unitarian church with an address upon Shakespeare the Man. We know too little about Shakespeare as a man, but Rev. Mr. Woude, I am told, made the most of what material is to hand.

Among the popular amusements near at hand are the coming of Helen Beach Yaw at Massey Hall next Tuesday evening; the St. Alphonsus Club minstrel show next Monday evening at the Grand Opera House; Gilmore's Band, April 29 and 30 at Massey Hall, and the second concert of the Mendelssohn Choir in the same hall on May 2. That Madame Melba has for a second time disappointed the Toronto public and Manager Suckling by cancelling her engagement, is being much commented upon. Mr. Suckling has made determined efforts to secure this great singer, and the fault in both instances seems to rest with the agents of Melba, who entered into engagements without looking into railway connections. However, if Melba ever disappoints us again, the local press will assert that she is afraid to face our critics with a voice that has answered well enough elsewhere.

Mr. H. N. Shaw of the Conservatory School of Elocution purposes bringing out another Greek play, Antigone having proved so great a success. The second venture will be given in English, and the experience gained in Antigone will assist in making this one of the greatest of artistic successes. Further particulars will be given next week.

It is said that the new play by Scott Marble, entitled Down in Dixie, fulfills the promise conveyed in its happy title, and certainly it could not have a better claim to popularity. The title indicates a play full of the charming color of Southern life, enlivened by the musical merry-making and careless fun of darkeys and characterized by a rapid sequence of exciting incidents. Few theatrical displays can be more pleasing than a reflection of life in the sunny land of the magnolia and cotton bloom. While the main lines of Down in Dixie are those of melodrama, it necessarily, as a picture of Southern life, contains abundance of comedy. The darkey contingent is largely represented in its list of subordinate characters. A pickaninny band, composed of real Southern colored boys, is appropriately introduced, and the boys are seen also in the characteristic sports of their happy-go-lucky kind. An aged negro couple, who aid the heroine in the various acts of heroism which she performs, contributes strongly to the element of humor in the play. The production, which is one of the numerous enterprises of Davis & Keogh, is something notable in a pictorial way. The scene painters have done their best in making counterfeit presentations of Southern cotton fields and homesteads. One of the principal mechanical features used in the presentation is a full-sized cotton compress, which figures in a scene fraught with peril and excitement. Down in Dixie will be presented at the Toronto Opera House all next week, with the usual Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees.

Next Thursday, Friday and Saturday The Two Orphans will be put on at the Grand by Kate Claxton and Janauschek, these two stars having joined forces.

Fine Wine

Chicago Tribune.

Customer—A table d'hôte dinner, including a bottle of good wine, for seventy-five cents? Yes, that's cheap enough, but I don't care for any wine, and I can't afford it. How much will it be without the wine?
Waiter—I'll do what's right with you, boss. You can have the dinner without the wine for seventy cents, sah.



"Where be'at thee gwine, Jargo!"
"Baint gwine nowhere!"
"But thee must be gwine somewhere!"
"Naw, Oi baint! Oi be coomin' back!"—Phil May in Pall Mall Budget.

Fraulein Pauline Holtermann.

The study of the languages is becoming one of the earnest purposes of life in Toronto, and those who have a desire to master the German will be pleased to hear that Fraulein Pauline Holtermann, directress of the Natural Method School of the German Language, will give a five weeks' course of instruction beginning next week. Fraulein Holtermann is a native of Hamburg, Germany, and an accomplished English scholar, so that, with what is called the natural method, she is eminently qualified to impart a knowledge of the German. Next Wednesday evening she will deliver a free lecture in the Y. M. C. A. Library on The Natural Method of Teaching Languages, and those



Fraulein Pauline Holtermann.

Interested in education, even though not desiring to take up the German, will find this well worth attending. After the lecture, or as a closing feature, an illustrative lesson will be given. This lecture is preparatory to the forming of classes. I have seen Fraulein Holtermann's references, which are very cordial and hearty, and of her method we can judge on Wednesday evening. In Brantford, where she has just closed a term, among her most prominent pupils were: Rev. D. Hutchinson, Miss Agnes C. Purvis, head teacher of the Public School, Mrs. Marie Rattay, principal of the Business College, and four teachers in the Collegiate Institute.

An Apocryphal Story.

Among the stories told of the late Sir John Thompson is one illustrating his tact and kindness. While he was in Provincial politics a supper was given by the Cabinet to a delegation of farmers from the back districts. Ice cream was brought in and some of the farmers tasted it with doubt. They were a little ahead of the others in reaching this item of fare, and after discussing the matter a moment one of them went over to Sir John.

"Look here," he said, in the voice of one complaining against a mean trick, "the pudding they've given us is froze—froze hard."

Sir John was non-plussed for a moment until he spied the ice-cream.

"Let me taste it."

A dish was brought and he tasted it critically. "So it is. Just wait a moment," and he carried the dish out of the room.

Presently he returned and spoke confidentially to the farmer.

"It's all right. It's some new wrinkle they've got on to and they call it ice-cream. I'm going to try some of it myself."

The Voice of Triumph.

Mrs. Kidby—Oh, John dear, don't you hear? How delightfully the baby crows!
Kidby—Crows? Humph! I'd crow myself if I were boss of the house!

Time and Space.

Hurrying Stranger (in Squeehawk)—Is there time to catch the train?
Languid Native—Waal, stranger, ye've got time enough, I reckon, but I'm dead sure ye hain't got the speed!

The Love Story of a Man.

ERROR I.



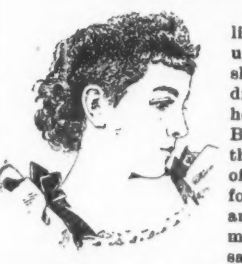
HE was sentimental at fifteen and loved a sweet school-girl. A look from her dark shy eyes always made his soul burn, and she of all girls was the one he avoided. But it was a sweet avoidance, mutually understood. It was more delicious than contact, for it preserved the sanctities. In his sight she had angelic qualities of character and feature, a voice never heard on earth before. In the snow he could pick out her every footstep amidst the marks of a hundred feet; in the darkness, though she spoke not, he divined her nearness and stood aside with palpitating heart. He scraped her name upon stones—upon small stones and threw them into the lake; carved her initials upon large stones in secret places and repaired thither as often as he could to view these carvings and think of her. He could see her father's house from his window, and quenching his light he would sit there hour after hour spinning webs of fancy in her regard. He would like to fly with her to the moon—to be forever near those shy and smiling eyes. His plans were many and impractical as the wishes of infancy; his thoughts as pure as the converse of angels. Soon the tide carried him away from his girl-love, but not before they fully understood each other. Nothing was spoken in words, but they had met in a crowded room and as they bade each other farewell, soul fondled soul and an eternal confidence was exchanged.

ERROR II.



In a few years he married another woman. The tide had never carried him back to the school-girl. It had thrown him alongside the other, who was pretty and attractive, and by that common series of prosaic happenings which terminate in marriage he found himself one day at the altar. He thought of the school-girl, but the present seemed a man's affair, the other a boy's nonsense. He loved his wife and would have died for her if need be. He regarded her with an affection that was practical and sound, not moonshiny. Yet in time he found his wife's affection more practical and prosaic than his own. Their life was devoid of poetry and music and all the sentimental sweets and romantic pretenses upon which love lives if it live at all. There came a time when he sat once more at his window and gazed long into the moonlit night and spun fancies, not of what might be, but of what might have been. In these days of Regret the old days of Hope came up from the grave and rallied at him. Once the beautiful mountain crowned with its triumphal arch lay invitingly before him; now it lay behind him and he could never ascend it. His fate was no longer a problem; it lay there in retrospect. Every look and every precious word spoken by the school-girl was ransacked from the sub-conscious archives of his mind, and on such ghostly fare his soul subsisted. At length his wife died and he truly mourned. Her sense, her charms, her hundred good qualities were realized too late. Lacking as he had been in romance and soul-emotion, he would now have brought her back at the cost of the whole earth.

THE TRUTH FINALLY.



Yet in time his life's idol was set up again and worshipped in his day-dreams, and at last he began a Quest. By this means and that he gained news of the school-girl and found her a young and handsome woman. She was her same self, though more glorious. It was a brief and delightful courtship. They exchanged memories of their youthful emotions and were boy and girl again in the telling of it. And she came with him, queen of his home and his heart. What of him now? He looks ahead and sees no beautiful mountain; he looks back and sees none. The path ahead and the path behind stretch from horizon to horizon monotonously flat. He has no "might-have-been" to muse upon. Before, he thought himself ill-wed and found fault with the individual, his wife; now it is womankind as a species that has disappointed him. His second wife is clay like the first. The Truth, denied to most men, has revealed itself to him, and when others sigh he laughs. He bids you drink brandy and soda for heartache and munch pickles for soul-hunger, and he grows stouter and redder and richer every day. His hands are pudgy, his laugh is coarse and hearty, his conversation is of horses, of mortgages and roast dinners. To look at him you would not suspect him of having a soul, nor has he in a sense, for in attaining its ideal it passed out. Hope is strong only in face of denial; energy is inspired of defeat; sentiment lives on grief and dies without it; poetry is the voice of sorrow. We are moths fluttering about fatal candles. Such, apparently, are the lessons to be drawn from the Love Story of a Man.

Couldn't Afford It.

Washington Star.

"Henry," said Mrs. Faddington to her husband, "I wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea for us to raise our own vegetables and save what they cost in market."
"No," replied Henry. "Times are too hard. We've got to economize."

Sa Magic.

For Saturday Night.

Four feet are on the fender, the fire glows with a mellow light, the "chicks" sleep snug in their cozy cots; deep, deep quiet steals over all; the old clock ticks unmolested the passing moments; yet deeper still grows the quiet and the night; the dying embers now flicker intermittently; a moment's darkness, a beam of other light has found the lattice and entered; time's sentry beats steady in yonder hall; it strikes, one, two, three, four, five—yes! no!—it is the dawn!

I've felt the power of Music's spell,
To thrill the soul that drowsy lies,
As o'er the strings in raptured swell
Come notes from some far Paradise.

I know that art has power to hold
The reverent eye, and ear, and heart;
While painters, poets, orators unfold
The beauties of earth's unfond part.

I've heard that Cupid's nectar cup
Hath potions that delight the sense
With sweet delirium, those who sup
Its wildly moving draught intense.

But say! What mystic power is thine,
Compels the murmuring muses sweet?
That even the ceaseless slops of time
Unnoticed pass with hurrying feet!

Has intercourse to thee been given,
With that fair land where spirits dwell?
That even the very gods of heaven
About thee cast their wondrous spell!

That binds the willing captive fast
To ilken threads; then leads away,
Till deepening night in slumber's past;
Nor breaks this spell till dawn of day.

When, answering to the cock's shrill call,
In bugle notes thro' hill and plain,
Leaps from his couch each son of toil
And starts the hum of life again.

But of what sort this power may be
Thou'st woven thou with silent night,
I leave, and call it mystery,
My joy to share its sweet delight.

Toronto.

IRVING SCOTT.

Ebb and Flow

ERR.

For Saturday Night.

The tide goes out, the tide goes out; once more
The empty day goes down to empty shore.

The tide goes out, the wharves deserted lie
Under the empty solitude of sky.

The tide goes out, the dwindling channels ache
With the old hunger, with the old heartbreak.

The tide goes out, the lonely wastes of sand
Implore the benediction of thy hand.

The tide goes out, goes out, the stranded ships
Desire the sea,—and I desire thy lips.

The tide goes out, the tide goes out; the sun
Relumes the hills of longing one by one.

The tide goes out, goes out, and goes my heart
On the long quest that ends but where thou art.

Windsor, N.S. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

FLO.

The tide goes out; and with it far doth float
My pretty little fancy hired boat!

The tide goes out, and with it all my stuff,
Because I did not tie it down enough.

The tide goes out; likewise my coat and vest,
And other things to mention need not be best.

The tide goes out, and with it all my dream,
I'll have to pay the boatman for the loan.

And towers, too, across the blue mist float,
Because I tied him to my little boat.

I listen through the distance growing wide,
I hear far off the moaning of the tide.

The tide goes out, and I must stand alone
Without a stitch, and shivering to the bone.

The tide goes out; the seashore washed and neat,
Implores the benediction of my feet.

The tide goes out; across the horizon's brim
I'd follow, but alas! I cannot swim.

The tide goes out; along the sunlit sand
I see some girls advancing hand in hand.

And one, O horrors! is my darling Flo.
I promised her I'd take her for a row.

And I must skulk behind this rock and wall;
And once beneath my breath my friends and fate.

The tide goes out; but that is not the worst,
Once more the old, old hunger and the thirst!

The tide goes out; once more the empty air
Fills all my empty innards with despair.

The tide goes out; and go my naked feet
In search of something somewhere wild to eat!

Ottawa. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

The Haunted Castle.

For Saturday Night.

Many, many years ago, in a land beyond the sea,
There stood a ruin old,
And the river at its feet laughed and danced in childish glee
As joyously it rolled.

But the castle, grim and tall, frowned upon it as it lay
A mirror for the sun,
And mystic shadows crept o'er its sparkling crest in play
When summer days were done.

The gentle ivy wave o'er the ruined castle walls
A robe of dainty leaves,
And the tender, clinging vine peeped into the lonely halls
Or out among the eaves;

And it played at hide-and-seek with the dreamy owl at night,
And the moon looked smiling down,
As it oft had smiled of yore on that castle full of light
And sprinkling music 'round;

For no castle rang so bright with sweet laughter gay and free,
In happy days of old;
Never lived more courtly knights, never made more fair to see
Did stately walls behold.

But death's cold and cruel hand stilled the merry lips for aye,
And sealed the sparkling eyes,
And above their dreary graves at the closing of the day,
The mournful night-wind sighs.

But when dusk creeps slowly on, and the world is hushed and still,
Weird, shadowy, spectral forms
From mystic depths of earth issue forth toward the hill
On the break of midnight borne.

Up the castle steps they glide, hollow laughter fills the air,
The wind is moaning low,
And the chill halls echo, ring with the mirth of youth so
As in days of long ago.

Strathroy, Ont. LORNTA.

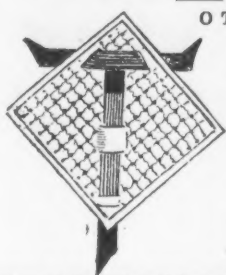
Peace

For Saturday Night.

[The following original poem was read by Rev. A. John Cleare in his sermon on Easter morning:]
Peace, peace! He is here,
The Prince of Peace, to cast out fear;
Treading each restless wave of lust;
Hungry with sorrow, thy weakness, thy trust.
Hungry with thee in the yearning of prayer,
Yet feeding thee from His Father's care.
In the gloom and the tomb of Thy selfhood's strife,
He has trod the "Resurrection and Life."
Shrink not, fear not to pierce Thy head,
Where He is bowed down in the dust with the dead.
Peace, peace! Be not afraid. "I am," He saith
He is! Jesus lives! There is no death!

Toronto, Ont. A. JOHN CLEARE.

American Literary Conditions.



O THOSE who take an interest in the literary development of this continent, I would like in these columns to speak some plain blunt truths. It seems to me that amid the incessant hailing and applauding of literary lights on both

sides of the national boundary, there is a great deal of insincerity and cheap humbug that is a hundred times more injurious to our literary development than dead silence on the whole subject. I am not of those who despair of our age as uninspired and nonproductive of good work. I have sufficient reason to believe that all over this continent there are men and women, each doing his or her share to make our times illustrious in this respect, but I believe, moreover, and this is where the trouble lies, that they are not the men and women who are being trotted out before the public gaze in every penny weekly and ten cent magazine as the prospective Scott or Tennyson or Mrs. Browning who is to make the coming century glorious.

How little the average reader realizes the extent to which he is being gulled in this respect and to what scientific perfection the clique system has grown in its efforts to bring our reading public under the domination of the professional litterateur!

In a very able editorial in one of its February issues, the New York Nation attacked this pernicious system under the title it has well earned, that of "the log-rollers." The Nation describes the "log-rollers" as a combination of unknown but extremely ambitious writers who band together for purposes of mutual admiration, and carry out their compact by booming one another in the several papers to which they have literary access.

While I agree with the Nation in its contempt for these pen-and-ink intriguers, yet I cannot agree with its opinion that the influence of the "log-roller" is unfelt beyond his own circle. On the other hand, there is reason to believe that the system, as a system, has gone too far to be merely laughed at, and that it is the duty of every self-respecting writer on this continent to lend his or her influence to the work of its destruction. The evil effects of the "log-rolling" system are many and far-reaching, but by far the most dangerous is its effort to destroy all true and natural criticism, substituting the "boom" system of ready-made articles cooked up in the interest of one or more writers in the particular ring, while using all its malign art to crush out or belittle the work of anyone who by strong personality is liable to prove a rival to the person or persons it is desired to advertise. One can readily see the effect of such engineering as this on our public criticism and its subsequent effect on the reading public, and it is a great pity that all our conditions go to aid the "log-rollers" in their debased aims. In this extremely mercantile age, all literary ventures on the side of the publisher, from the greatest houses down, are primarily for the purpose of gain. The high-class magazine has become largely a great advertising medium for everything, even including literature. The old, high-toned, impartial level of criticism has long departed, giving place to advertisement of the literary output of the house publishing the magazine, or of those houses advertising in its pages. Under such adverse conditions it is hard to keep even the few great critical journals impartial and disinterested. They, too, are advertising mediums and naturally will give most prominence to the books published by the house patronizing them. Another bad condition of affairs that we have to notice is that every publishing house of any standing has its small army of readers, critics and hangers-on. Most, if not all, of these satellites are small authors, many with more ambition than literary capability, for the true writer will rarely care to divert his attention from his work of producing. The greater number of these live in our large cities, which naturally have become our publishing centers, and they and their friends form cliques for mutual advancement, and thus in a manner become the nucleus of the "log-rolling" system. They are of all grades, but are for the most part professional, and whatever their lack of real creative power, are up to all the petty arts of the more shady side of the profession of letters. I would therefore ask: What chance can a literary man living alone, far from such centers, have to catch the public ear in the face of such a formidable army as this, especially when the only avenue open to the writer is through the gates of the great publishing houses where such as these are the ever jealous and interested porters? The man who has no friends among these and who contents himself with seeking the "silences and the solitudes," as the Nation advises, is, verily, left to himself and these sweet retirements, or else his work is made the football and plaything of this ignominious army who toss it from review to review, where, distorted and misrepresented, it is used as a poor foil to enhance the greatness of some questionable favorite, and the average reader who is ignorant of the wires that are being pulled fails to see the force that passes current as legitimate criticism. I say boldly, in the face of no matter what strong (or weak) protests, that to-day in America and England there is no sincere and reliable tribunal of literary criticism, that is, where all books, no matter where published and by whom written, will receive proper representation on their own merits, and I would add that under the present false mercantile conditions, things in this direction are getting worse and worse, until they are the shame and despair of any true writer who cares to reach an audience in the legitimate way and maintain his or her self-respect.

I have before me, as I write, an advertisement of a prominent New York publisher which occupies the front page of the Critic for March 30, in which a leading New York newspaper book review column is also advertised as a mercantile agency for authors or publishers who want their books brought noticeably before the public. The advertisement takes the form of the publication of a supposed letter from the book publisher to the newspaper, in which the editors of the latter are thanked for a column review which brought about an immense sale of the book before it left the bindery. This advertisement, which is evidently built on methods first used by patent medicine vendors, is a frank acknowledgment of the boom system in its most mercenary form.

I have seen writers who would cry out in contempt of the truckler in politics or religion, yet are willing to truckle as literary men to methods of acquiring notoriety that would shame the vilest political corner-grocery intriguers. No wonder that American and Canadian literature is to-day regarded as puerile when many of its best representatives are willing to sink into a veiled hypocrisy.

But bad as the conditions are on the side of the literary army, they are aggravated by equally bad conditions on the side of the people themselves. In reviewing this side of the question, I would say plainly that one of the greatest lies ever foisted on the reading public is to the effect that the American world is tired of poetry and will have none of it. No man or woman who is sincere, with a true knowledge of humanity, could make such a statement. No, the world is not tired, never will be tired of such poetry as Homer, Shakespeare, Burns, Byron, Hood, and hosts of other real poets have given it, but it is and ever will be nauseated by the literary rot, to use no stronger word, that these log-rolling rings would fain foist upon it, and the result is that the little would-be critics who elect themselves to herald these latter-day poetasters, flatter themselves into the idea that they are among the few delicate and lofty minds fit to appreciate these emasculated lines which the commoner and more sordid world cannot understand. The great world of to-day, with all our material advancement, is much the same as it was in Shakespeare's day. It is busy and hurried with a myriad of affairs, but for all its hurry and worry has ever a quick ear for the sublime and truly beautiful in nature and human life when expressed in literature, and were there no "log-rollers" or middle-men in letters, as in too many other callings, and were each man's literary output sent direct for the world to criticize, it would naturally and easily sift the wheat from the chaff and Mr. Shafro Jones's Pink Necktie Sonnets would soon find their own level in the depth of the literary Tartarus.

But such, sad to say, is not the case, and in a country like ours where our literature is largely yet a thing of the future, and where material bread-and-butter considerations are for the most part ever uppermost, the people have so far been content to leave the reputations of their literary men and women to the judgment of the outside world, so that, to be frank, they would know almost nothing at all about it, were it not, or at least certain phases of it, continually dangled before their eyes in odd corners of our dailies and weeklies. Here is the log-roller's chance, and whatever be his vices, his missing of a chance to advertise himself and his friends is not one of them. He assumes what he calls the *haut en bas* tone, and in no uncertain words elects himself into a sort of literary supremacy in the cause of his particular client, until an over credulous community begins after a while to accept his dictum as an infallible authority. He generally uses some outside literary opinion to give tone to his wild assertions and thus silences any Doubting Thomas, who, in his ignorance of the true inwardness of the log-rolling system, never dreams that the great "Too Too Monthly" or "Literary Parnassus" has also been "worked" in the interest of this special "Log-roller" in the way I have shown. It is a great pity that this condition should exist, and exist it will until our reading public determine to be their own judges in literary and other matters, and not to be willing to accept the dictum of any writer who may play the literary Jove in one of our weeklies. The only cure for this sort of thing is honest reading on the part of the people. The truth of the matter is that a love for a domestic literature cannot be developed in a day, but if our people were left alone and no hot-house means were used to force a certain kind of article on us, there are signs of a gradual development for the better in this direction.

W. W. CAMPBELL.

An Egg Joke.

A good story is being told at the expense of Mr. H. J. P. Good, editor of the Canadian Sporting News, or, more properly speaking, at the expense of Mr. Jim Douglas of The Aquatic Saloon. It is said that the sporting editor met the well known backer of Canadian scullers and was asked if he cared for fowl. It was about dinner time and Mr. Good said he was quite ready to deal with a roast duck or anything of that kind.

"Well, I haven't any duck," said Mr. Douglas, "but if you'll step into my place I'll give you half a dozen eggs—Cochin China eggs—just got a dozen. Come to-day."

"Say, old man, this is good of you," exclaimed Mr. Good as the eggs were carefully handed out.

Two days later they met again. "I must thank you once more for those eggs," said Mr. Good. "They were fine. I did enjoy them. You know I'm great on omelet, and those eggs made the finest omelet I've eaten for years."

Mr. Douglas jumped high into the air. "Omelet!" he cried. "Did you make an omelet of them? Man alive! Didn't I tell you they were Cochin China eggs for fancy breeding? I imported those eggs—paid one dollar apiece for them, twelve dollars for the dozen."

Mr. Good will not raise fancy fowl this spring, but among the items in his sporting knowledge he knows who holds the Canadian record for eating the most expensive omelet.

A Liberal Offer.

Bradford Daily Telegraph.

Here is a piece of genuine humor by a football secretary: "Will the person or persons who broke into the Bowling Trinity's Football Club's tent and stole our football kindly sneak the goal posts, and we will give him fifteen jerseys and lend him the field? The secretary will also try and arrange some fixtures especially for him."



The Late M. Worth.

The Late M. Worth.

Le Roi est mort. Vive le Roi!

SUCH were the words which sounded through the palaces of the Kings of France as soon as they were dead, and which proved, cruelly enough, that nothing was more easy than to replace at once the august defunct. But recently a king died, the king of the vast land called Fashion, and a great wall spread all over the civilized world: Worth is dead, what shall we do without Worth? To begin with, French commerce has sustained an irreparable loss, for the genius of Worth alone brought something like a hundred millions of francs to the divers branches of the French industries which live by the elegance and the vanity of the idle human beings. Worth has ruined countless families, he has brought to grief more than one *menage*; he has caused a few suicides, and poured gall and vinegar into the hearts of thousands, but Worth was a great man all the same.

Born at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, after a short stay in a London drapery warehouse he migrated to Paris, where he soon found employment in the Maison Aurely, which was the rival of the Maison Roger in the good graces of Empress Eugenie, and he had not been long in nursing his plans; in 1860 he left the Aurely and started a house for himself in the Rue de la Paix. At the same time there arrived in Paris the Princess de Metternich, as Ambassadress of Austria; ugly, witty, extravagant, and all-powerful, she was a type, and she knew it; all her ambition was to reign and to astonish; her ugliness itself was so original that it was bound to help her among the host of beauties who crammed the *salons* of the beautiful Eugenie de Thoba, and she decided as a first step to adopt and patronize that good-looking young *courtier* whom she had seen at the Maison Aurely and had found to her taste.

A month later the Princess was launching into the world of the Court perfect dreams of loveliness; shape, stuff, colors, and trimmings, all came as a revelation, the exquisiteness of taste had come to a climax; the crinolines burst with shame before the serpentine contours of woman's form divine, now found again, and vanished like a blown-up paper bag.

The Empress, who had started the fashions, turned up her nose at first, and tried once or twice to support the encumbering fashions which she had patronized, but the desire of being adorable, and after a short struggle the thousands of metres of steel which occupied rooms after rooms in the Tuilleries apartments were rolled up and sent away. Then Worth was sent for, and answering the summons he called at the Palace, to the disgust of the Princess de Metternich, who had conceived the audacious and extravagant plan of keeping him all for herself, or, at least, of being always the first to catch at the ideas and inspirations of the new prophet. But Eugenie was blond and white, Metternich was dark and brownish, their types were completely different, and Worth was soon able to settle the difficulty to the satisfaction of both ladies.

Worth used to go to the Palace almost every week and would take with him things of beauty to please his coquetish Sovereign; he would spread the stuffs made for himself alone and arrange them in their most fascinating folds, then leave his water-color design, a bold sketch, and retire, trusting one of his lady workers for the rest. When the choice had been made and the toilet executed under his special superintendence, it was brought again into the Toilet Chamber and handed to the Empress, who put it on while he was waiting behind the heavy blue velvet curtains; then she would appear before her artist, who, at one glance, would see the smallest defects and remember them for alteration. Once or twice he simply bowed before the fair wearer and said in his imperious voice: "Your Majesty will not wear this—" "But, M. Worth—" "Your Majesty will not wear this," and it was no use to insist. The costume had to go back

to the house and be disposed of somehow, though it often represented a fortune, but the grand *courtier* had made a mistake, he thought it was not perfection itself, and the Empress must not appear except at her best.

To show how powerful Worth was, it is related that the Countess of Montijo, the Empress's mother, who, as a true Spaniard, was a slave to etiquette, would not consent to appear at Court with a high dress, though she caught cold each time, in spite of an invention of her own, a thin flesh-colored jersey, which she wore above her *decollete* and tried to dissimulate under rows of pearls and bits of gauze, to the disgust of the Empress, who thought the whole thing simply disgraceful and talked to Worth about it. The next dress which the *courtier* sent to the Countess was a high one, but the old lady had scarcely seen it than she rushed to the Rue de la Paix and had a good go at the imperious Worth, who merely said, "Very well, madame; very well, I shall keep the dress." "But I will have it; cut the neck low, that's all." "Never, madame!" "Then make another." "Another will be as high, Madame la Comtesse." "But you are imperious, M. Worth. I pay, therefore I command." "You will never pay for a low dress, madame; therefore do not command." The Countess rushed out in a fearful rage, but a week later she could not resist and ordered another dress, and, though it was as high as the first, she put it on demurely and could not bear malice to the man who made her look so elegant in spite of her *embarrassment* and her short neck.

Worth adorned luxury in all its forms, and his two houses, one on the Champs-Elysees, the other at Suresnes, were perfect museums. He traveled like a king, with a suite and half his household gods, which were arranged around him even when he would spend only a night in an hotel. But he never thought it below his dignity as a millionaire to come and work every day; dreaming, planning, designing and scrutinizing, he was always seen with his very long and supple riding-coat lined with silk, a large black *beret* on his bald pate, his fingers stiff with precious rings, going about in his drawing-rooms, which have seen for the last thirty-five years almost all the fair crowned heads of Europe, bent and submissive to his word, which was the gospel of Beauty and Taste.

He Yielded It Up.

There is a man in Toronto who, like many another decent fellow, occasionally takes a day off for jollification. He has a glass eye and on these occasions puts it in his vest pocket, which not only saves it from danger in case of a row, but so alters his appearance that his reputation does not suffer if he is seen doing the grapevine along the pavement. A short time ago he unfortunately broke his eye by crushing it in his pocket. A friend loaned him ten dollars to procure a new one and some little time went by without the money being returned. The other day the friend met him and bluntly asked him for the money. "I bought that eye for you," he said, "but I can't wait any longer for the money." "Well," replied the man, transfixing his friend with the other eye, "you are the meanest fellow I ever saw—the very meanest," and quickly he put up his hand, picked out his glass optic and handed it to his friend. "Here, take your blamed old eye," he said.

The Teacher Knew.

Teacher—Yes, children, the hairs of our heads are all numbered. Smart boy (pulling out a hair and presenting it)—Well, what is the number of this hair? Teacher—Number one, Johnny, and (pulling out several more) these are numbers two, three, four, five and six. Anything else you want to know? Smart boy—No—no, sir.

His Way.

"Is Hawkins a generous man?" "Well—in his own way he is." "Ah! Sort of *sui generis*!"

Sucker Fishing.

A Sketch that will be interesting to those who have tried this hardy sport.



HE big farm wagon bumped, splashed and jolted across the ford. "Tain't nothin' like what it used to be," Old Jim was jerking out between the jolts. "I mind the time when the crick didn't run like it does now. It used to keep over more agen the hill and

didn't go wand'r'n' round so much, like. They used to be ten times as much snow then and in the spring the crick'd more'n fill up. As a fellow'd lean over the pole of his net his chin would just touch the water, an' ice comin' down enough to cut yer darn neck off. And suckers! Why, me and two other fellows caught eleven hundred an' twenty-two one Sunday afternoon. Suckers nearly allus pick a Sunday fer travelin'. Lifted two hundred and eleven, one haul, I mind. Biggest lot of fish I ever seen in a splash-net in my life. I don't expect to see a ketch like that no more. Why, we used to feed suckers to the pigs, them days."

Both wagons emerging from the stream, they cut across the corner formed by the bend in the creek, when the drivers pull up to enquire where operations will begin.

"Seems to me they'd be some in the backwaters," says a tall, dark, shock-headed youth, who seems to know every hole and rock in the bed of the stream. "They'd be lyin' quiet like in the still holes, restin' fore they tackle the rapids."

"A sucker don't need no rest," replies Old Jim scornfully. "He can swim up anything, barrin' a mill dam, and it's just as easy fer him to swim aginst six foot of water as an inch. We'd better go right up stream a couple o' miles."

"What's the matter with a drink all round and then tryin' Mulligan's hole," says one of the others. It is an adroit suggestion. "Then if we don't ketch any we kin go on right up." "That's what I say," agrees Bill heartily, and Jack clinches the matter by getting the demijohn from the wagon seat.

"That's the stuff to keep the cramps out," says he enthusiastically, as, amid general regret, the stone jar is a few minutes later restored to its place. They drive across the peninsula, across the creek and the next peninsula, then following the banks for three or four hundred yards, stop at a "backwater" very still and surviv, at the end of a deep stretch of rapids.

"Now then, boys, get your horses out. Unroll the net, Jack. Hump yourselves, now." Four men unhitched the teams, while Jack unrolls from its two poles the long splash-net, which, but for its heavily leaded bottom-line and its hammock-like sag, resembles nothing so much as an abbreviated lawn tennis net.

"Now, then, you fellows, start your horses up the stream a piece. Bill, you take the out-pole; you're taller'n Jack. In with her, now." "Ge whittaker! It's cold," says Bill as, grasping the net in one hand and holding the other high out of the water, he wades into the stream.

"Never mind about the cold," bawls Old Jim from the bank, for he has to out-voice the noise of the rapids. "Set yer net at the lower end of the hole and in as far as ye kin. Wade up to yer necks. They ain't no current." Then he faces up to the others. "Got yer horses ready? Start in about there," he cries.

"Are ye set?" The shivering couple, up to their armpits in ice-water, breathlessly assent and the horses are started. Splash, splash, scrape, scratch, they come through the shallow water and boulders of the rapids; splash-cherunk, splash-cherunk is the deeper sound as they enter the pool. The water gradually deepens, and the noise decreases as they get deeper and deeper. Presently they are up to their bellies; now their shoulders are covered. The riders are already riding with the water up to their knees. Now three of the horses are actually swimming, and their riders are as wet as the poor beggars at the net. At the lower end of the pool the water shoals again, and as the horses regain their footing the noise of splashing recommences. At last they reach the net.

"Now, up with her! Hyst," is the cry. The men strain at the polls, but for some unaccountable reason seem unable to lift it completely. Suddenly the whole crowd grow frantic with excitement.

"The net's chock-full. We can't lift it," gasps Bill.

"Give us a lift, ye darn fools," bawls Jack.

The splashers hastily line up two at each side of the net and leaning down from their horses' backs grasp the top and bottom lines, Jack at one pole, Bill at the other.

"Now, then, all together, hyst," and the united strength of the six men lifts the net to the top of the water.

Suckers! The net is one wriggling, kicking, splashing mass of suckers, slipping over one another and struggling to swim through the meshes. Suddenly comes the cry from Old Jim on shore:

"Let some out or yer net'll break. Quick, for God's sake! It's giving way now!"

Too late. The whole bottom of the net suddenly seems to fall out, and in a flash the catch has disappeared.

The men stare blankly at the hole in the net for a moment and then stagger ashore amid a string of curses, frightful enough to set back the fall wheat in that district.

"Hundred and fifty, or I'm a liar!" says Old Jim with emphasis and embellishments. "Biggest haul I ever seen in my life."

The remarks made by the others are so incoherent and semi-detached as to be useless for record. But Old Jim, after sitting a moment on a stone, speaks again, with his eyes wandering from the ruined net to the populous waters.

"Boys, I'm gettin' old and I can't stand this sort of thing as I used to could." A gruesome silence falls upon them all. "That's just two things left for us, boys, and he kicks the net and spits in the creek; 'thar's that stone jag and thar's suicide.' And they make choice like honest fishermen. Toronto, April 16. S. H.

Short Stories Retold.

A Frenchman is polite even in the last extremity. President Faure visited the Hospital Bichat the other day and going up to one of the beds asked kindly, "Well, *mon brave*, and what is the matter with you?" "Monsieur le President, I have the honor to have typhoid fever," was the reply.

Mr. Rider Haggard has entered upon his candidature in East Norfolk in the Unionist interest. Sir Henry Preston introduced him at his first meeting as a gentleman who had earned a large amount of money by his pen and lost it by farming in Norfolk. "Thereupon the Norfolk people accepted him as a man and a brother."

In one of the last battles of the Civil War General Howard's right arm was shattered by a cannon-ball and had to be amputated above the elbow. At his bedside stood General Kearney, who had lost his left arm in the Mexican War. "General," said Howard, "I tell you what, let us in future club together when we buy a pair of gloves."

When Napoleon was a student at Brienne, he happened to be asked by one of the examiners the following question: "Supposing you were in an invested town threatened with starvation, how would you supply yourself with provisions?" "From the enemy," replied the sub-lieutenant of artillery; and this answer so pleased the examiners that they passed him without further questioning.

The late Lord Fife (the present Duke's father) was once dining with the Queen at Windsor Castle, and remarked: "Your Majesty will be pleased to hear that I've quite given up brandies and sodas." "I am very glad to hear it, Lord Fife," replied Her Majesty. "I'm certain you'll find yourself much better in every way." "I'm sure of it, too," said his lordship. "I find whiskies and seltzers admirable substitutes." This is historical, the late Lady Ely constantly telling the story.

Lord Dufferin once addressed the University of Toronto in Greek, and on the following day the Canadian journals announced that his command of the language was astounding, idiomatic, and grammatically perfect. Whereon the following dialogue ensued: "How did those idiots of reporters know that?" asked Sir Hector Langevin of Sir John Macdonald. "Because I told them," replied Sir John. "But who told you? You don't know Greek," persisted Sir Hector. "I don't know Greek," admitted the premier, with his usual gravity, "but I know politics."

Many years ago, at the celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims in New York City, much to Archbishop Hughes' surprise he was invited to be one of the guests, and perhaps to their surprise also, he accepted. Among those who spoke on that occasion there was not lacking a sly dab at the church, which forms a part of the proceedings; but all in good fellowship. Finally the Archbishop was called upon to respond to a toast, which he did in his usual happy manner, and ended by proposing: "Plymouth Rock the Barney Stone of America!"

The other day a great gaunt colored man entered the express office and edging up to the man in charge took off his hat and asked if there had been anything received for George Washington. The clerk looked at the man searchingly, and then with a knowing air remarked: "Ah, what game are you trying to work on me now? He's been dead long ago." This story is much the same as the story about the Congressman who declared in an address to the House: "As Daniel Webster says in his great dictionary." "It was Noah who wrote the dictionary," whispered a colleague, who sat at the next desk. "Noah, nothing," replied the speaker. "Noah built the ark."

A young lady organist in a church was captivated with the young pastor of a church in the next street and was delighted to hear one week that by exchange he was to preach the next Sunday in her own church. The organ was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton who would often stop when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough. This day the organist was anxious that all should go well, and as the service was about to begin she wrote a note intended solely for the sexton's eye. He took it, and in spite of her agonized beckonings carried it straight to the preacher. What was that gentleman's astonishment when he read: "Oblige me this morning by blowing away till I give you a signal to stop.—Miss Allen."

Of Cecil Rhodes it is related that once while he and a rival diamond dealer, one Barney Barnato, were somewhere together in South Africa, Barnato had an immense quantity of diamonds in his possession and ready for sale, when Mr. Rhodes, with easy good humor, suggested that they should be photographed together, with a bucket containing Mr. Barnato's diamonds between them. This delighted Mr. Barnato, who is rather inclined to be theatrical in his effects, and forthwith a bucket was filled—filled until it was brimming over. Diamonds, however, are very easily mixed, but very difficult to sort. It took six weeks for these stones to be separated and classed by an expert and put into different packets, and during this time Mr. Rhodes put a quantity of his own diamonds on the market, whereby he forestalled and utterly got the better of Mr. Barnato.

When the Duke of Ormond, whose family name was Butler, was going to take possession as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he was driven by a storm on to the Isle of Man, where a Rev. Mr. Joseph, a poor curate, entertained him as hospitably as his means permitted. On his departure, the duke promised to provide for him as soon as he became viceroy. The curate waited many months in vain, and at last went over to Dublin to remind his grace of his promise. Despairing of gaining access to the duke, he obtained permission to preach at the cathedral. The lord lieutenant and his court were at the church, but none of them remembered their humble host till he pronounced his text, which, it must be acknowledged, was well chosen: "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." The preacher was at once invited to the castle and a good living provided for him.

Between You and Me.

THE train was frightfully crowded, for it was holiday time, and the lady with three seats filled with baggage had been properly called to time; the Jewish family had been warned not to strew their olive branches about in their usual generous manner; the old lady had her basket of butter carried into the express car, and raged at a forty-cent charge therefor. For my own part, with my Easter bandbox on my knee and a noble crotch of pickled cabbage under my arm, I disputed fair share of a seat with a portly and dulcet-voiced dame with her finger-ends out of her gloves. Why didn't I go in a Pullman? Well, I don't travel in company with a bandbox and a jar of pickles in a Pullman. I really couldn't stand the reproachful glances of the sable gentleman who allows pale-faced humanity that privilege. One must have some regard for the eternal fitness of things, and a band-box and a crotch don't "constitute," as my French friend puts it, with the elegant exclusiveness of the lordly Pullman. In the seat behind me was a very pretty black-eyed Susan, who good-naturedly assented to the proposition of a red-eyed drummer to share her seat. Drummers and black-eyed Susans don't usually travel in silence, and I wondered, between spasms of anxious balancing of the crotch and the bandbox, why those neighbors of mine didn't open conversation. Presently a wild and untrammelled sneeze made the portly lady spread out her ragged fingertips and mildly ejaculate "My sakes!" The black-eyed Susan burst out laughing. "I'll bet you couldn't do that again," she said, bubbling out the challenge. "Couldn't I?" said the drummer huskily, and he at once did it again. Louder and wilder, and again, until people began to crane their necks and gaze at him. "Sleep" with my window open and caught cold," he wheezed, and the mystery of his silence was explained. He couldn't talk. Then the black-eyed Susan told him about a cold she got at a dancing club, and how long it lasted, and how she cured it. And as she talked to that red-eyed commercial man like a little white mother, he gasped and sneezed nobly and by and by was able to answer.

"I like," said black-eyed Susan, "to travel with the opposite sex," to which extraordinarily naive remark the drummer coughed approval. "It's like this," he said. "When I've been talking business all day, I enjoy a lady's conversation. Just as we are chatting, it is a change," and a grand sneeze and a choking sniff accompanied a firm nod of the head. Then black-eyed Susan asked him where he lived, and for all his sorry condition he had wit to give her an evasive answer. And she told him her address and they found out a mutual friend, and said some nice things of her. And he asked her to go to the theater, but she compromised on a matinee (where I shall look out for them), and he manfully struggled with her belongings at the station, and she bade him good-bye with many old-fashioned cautions about his cold. And where was the harm?

A girl has written asking me if I think it wrong to answer a correspondence advertisement, by which I suppose she means an advertisement for lady correspondents. Is it wrong? Well, that depends on where you think foolishness ends and wrong begins. That it cannot possibly be wise under any stress of curiosity or *ennui* to respond to such an advertisement has been rather forcibly impressed upon me by the experience of a very penitent girl acquaintance, who recently did just that very thing. She was bored; Toronto was so quiet, it seemed a distraction sufficiently exciting and *risque* she sent a short note and received a long letter; wrote another, and was sent a very handsome photo, which I happened to see on her desk and recognized as that of an actor of some prominence in New York. I asked her where she got it, and she told me he had sent it to her. A few words showed her that her correspondent had played a trick on her, and she told me of her crazy freak. That ended her part of the correspondence, but not her punishment. The creature to whom she had been writing had found out her address, and a box of flowers arrived on the eve of a dance. A card, with the initials over which he had advertised, accompanied the box, which was opened by her father. A question as to whom she knew bearing these initials covered her with fright and confusion (the question was asked during dinner). An interview with papa and mamma in the study resulted in a very stormy stricture from papa and tears from mamma, and as my girl friend is one of those warm-hearted creatures whose mother is very dear to her, she felt her mother's distress more than her father's anger. I shall not soon forget her sorry plight. Another letter came, and papa read it. Papa simply went off his head! So long as she lives I don't suppose my girl friend will ever forget that morning. And she goes fearfully, with shamed face and sorrowful heart, this bright Easter week, all because she did what my correspondent wants me to pronounce upon as being right or wrong. Please notice, you enquiring maiden, that it isn't always for our sins we are punished most severely. Sometimes it is only for our mistakes. And if you want any plainer counsel let me advise you to be very careful how you put pen to paper, even to people whom you know, and on no account answer a "correspondence advertisement."

LADY GAY.

Have You Read the Book?

POOK.

Meandering Mike (indignantly)—Wot der yer mean by goin' an' bustin' up de harmony of dis little camp by hittin' Happy Hours on de head wid a couplin'-pin fer?

Wearry Raggles (hotly)—Well, I stood all youse fellers kiddin' me about me whiskers, but when he said I looked like Svengali, dat was more dan flesh an' blood cud bear!

The Best Advertisements.

Many thousands of unsolicited letters have reached the manufacturers of Scott's Emulsion from those cured through its use, of consumption and scrofulous diseases! None can speak so confidently of its merits as those who have tested it.

New Notions

NOW that it is decided by fashion that skirts are to be both wide and stiff during the coming season, and that sleeves are to increase more in size and protuberance, it is often discovered that the foundation over which these many folds and balloonlike puffs are stretched, when of horsehair, cuts through the goods very shabbily, besides being so expensive as to add many dollars to the price of a gown. A new fabric, known as fibre chamols, was invented some years ago, but has only recently become well known. For lightness, elasticity and durability it is far ahead of any material formerly used for lining, stiffening and supporting dress materials. The fibre chamols is made of wood, does not grow limp with damp, stands any amount of folding or crushing without cracking and can be heartily recommended. It is immensely wide; in fact, somewhere about sixty-four inches, and is made in three weights to suit various fabrics and styles. One of the most potent arguments in its favor, these hard times, is its exceeding cheapness, as it is a home manufacture. Everyone knows the wonderful warmth of paper. The fibre chamols, which is somewhat of a papery-looking material, has also the quality of resisting cold, being much healthier and lighter than chamols leather for that purpose.

A few novelties for small girls are always acceptable. A white nainsook dress for a girl of three years has Dresden ribbon shoulder bows and waist-knots—white *faitte* with violets printed on it. The long blouse-waist drooping over a fitted lining is rounded out just below the throat, and has a standing ruffle of inch-wide Valenciennes. The short French skirt is simply hemmed, but requires a stiffly starched cambric skirt beneath to expand it.

Babies from one to three years old wear full coats as long as their dresses, made with longer waists than those of last year, and full round capes that cover the waist. The Watteau back is also still used in little cloaks, with a cape starting on either side of the fulness in the back. White *crepons* lined with colored silk make pretty spring coats trimmed with insertions of guipure lace. Colored repped silk coats, pink, blue or buff, are similarly made. For summer cloaks, colored *piques*—yellow, pink, blue and lilac—will rival white *pique* and will be trimmed with white embroidered insertions and ruffles in open designs. Fine checked and striped flannels, with white, gray or tan grounds, are for warm cloaks for cool days in the country. Reffer jackets are made in all sizes, for little girl babies and for girls in their teens, and of various materials—silks for babies, checked wools for girls of four to eight years, and in serges, dark blue and tan-color, for larger girls.

The largest bonnets are for the smallest babies, and are made of repped silks, of lawns, dimity, *chambray* and of *pique* drawn on cords, while for midsummer they are of point *desprit* net. Some are white and others colored. The bonnets, and also hats, have high flaring fronts edged with embroidery, which sometimes droops toward the face. *Pique* turbans for

baby boys have corded bands with a *pique* bow on the left side. These are far prettier than such hats have ever been, and there are also Tam o' Shanter crowns of *pique* with corded brims that will shade the baby's eyes. Larger girls will wear banded sailor hats for general use, and the plaited Cuban straw hats for best. The latter are in wide, low sailor shape, with rosettes of changeable ribbon all around the crown, or else clusters of flowers on either side, with one erect branch in *aligrette* fashion. A wide, low ribbon-bow is the chief trimming of many girlish hats. LA MODE.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ECLE.—This writing is quite childish. Wait a little. DINAH SHADD.—1. First and third Mondays is correct. 2. Certainly it is polite, and politeness should be necessary. 3. The plates are removed last.

CANA.—Considerable tenacity, some refinement, excellent discretion, a gentle and conciliatory nature, conservatism, some sensitiveness and a manner the reverse of brilliant and self-asserting.

MISTY JOHNSTON.—I surely won't disappoint you. You are vivacious, bright and rather talented, with plenty of go and energy, good sense and a very constant purpose. Small sentimentality, a philosophical turn of mind, slightly pessimistic, prudent in speech, careful in detail and very persevering, with some love of beauty, small amount of tact and pliancy of force. On the whole, a good sort of man and worthy of success.

TAT.—This is a decidedly lively and somewhat connoisseur individual, fond of producing a sensation, given to display, and apt to be a "sensitive." Good ability and much enterprise, combined with excellent reasoning power and a fair temper, are the bright redeeming points. Writer is practical, decided, persevering and in love with him or herself. I should not be surprised if others shared in this weakness. Some honor and ambition are shown.

ENNA.—True. It is, however, refined and ladylike. I think it lacks breadth and is rather uncertain sometimes; your judgment is rather erratic, your nature sensitive and easily influenced. You have not very cultured taste, but some of your lines indicate possibilities which should be developed. A little impatience and sharpness of judgment are shown; perhaps also a touchy temper. It is a very feminine study, which lacks discipline and character, such as I am sure should be its right.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell's Crafty Answer.

That the election would take place some time between this and 1897 marks the astute politician. Uncertainty as to the date is a little aggravating, but personal comfort, to the ordinary citizen, appeals more powerfully than any political question; and Rigby Porous Waterproofs are the perfection of comfort on a rainy day. No other name, no other claim, can be considered in the same breath with Rigby. Most perfect of all the waterproofing processes, Rigby offers perfect ventilation, stylish appearance and lasting wear. A garment for the rainy day; a fine tweed overcoat, absolutely rainproof yet porous, the cloth of which is undistinguishable from that of any ordinary garment. Ask for Rigby.

Friend—What have you done with that terrible fierce dog you paid so much for?—the one that would tear anyone to bits. Owner—He was stolen.

Convent of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

A Pleasing and Marvelous Record from a City Educational Institution.

Testimony of the Highest Possible Character.

Paine's Celery Compound and Its Good Work.

The Sisters Call it the "Wonder-working Medicine," and Strongly Recommend Its Use.

No medicine in the world has ever earned or received the high and unstinted praise that has been justly accorded to Paine's Celery Compound. Testimonials (many of them of uncertain authenticity and questionable veracity) appear each week, advocating the use of medicines, worthless and of no value to the sick and suffering.

Paine's Celery Compound stands on a summit of fame, far removed from all the deceptive medicines of the day. Its letters of testimony come from the best people, and from institutions whose names are synonymous with honor and uprightness.

Among the large and noted institutions whose people have been blessed by the curing and healing virtues of Paine's Celery, is the "Convent of the Holy Names," in the city of Montreal.

This thorough and magnificently equipped institution of learning, is amongst the largest of the kind on this continent, and has over

thirty branch houses in Canada and the United States.

After a thorough trial of Paine's Celery Compound in the head house, by sisters who suffered from the troubles that make human life miserable, and seeing the truly grand results—health, vigor, strength and strong nerves—it was deemed advisable in the interests of suffering humanity, to make a declaration that would give comfort, assurance and hope to all sufferers in the land. The sisters have kindly and graciously written as follows:

"We feel it a duty to add our testimony in favor of your 'wonder-working' Paine's Celery Compound. Many sisters suffering from debility, dyspepsia, sleeplessness and indigestion have been completely relieved after taking it."

"We shall strongly recommend its use in all our houses as the best medicine to restore health and give tone and vigor to the nervous system."

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

ACROSS ATLANTIC

French Line—Havre direct.
Hamburg American Line—Hamburg.
Netherlands Line—New York-Rotterdam.
ECONOMICAL PASSAGES.
American Line—Philadelphia-Liverpool.
Atlantic Transport Line—New York-London.
Dominion Line—Portland-Liverpool.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
General Steamship and Tourist Agency

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD SS. CO.

New York, Southampton (London, Havre, Paris) and Bremen.
Lahn, 23 April, 4 p.m. Ems, 4 May, noon.
Foids, 27 April, 11 a.m. Havel, 7 May, 9 a.m.
Trave, 30 April, 9 a.m. Saale, 14 May, 9 a.m.
Land at Southampton dock. No transfer. Direct connection to Havre and Paris. 8 hours to Berlin. Palatial equipment.

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73 Yonge Street, Toronto

AMERICAN LINE

NEW YORK-SOUTHAMPTON (London-Paris)
Berlin, April 24, 11 a.m. New York, May 22, 11 a.m.
New York, May 1, 11 a.m. Paris, May 29, 11 a.m.
Paris, May 8, 11 a.m. St. Louis, June 5, 11 a.m.
Berlin, May 16, 11 a.m. New York, June 12, 11 a.m.

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK-ANTWERP.
Rhinland, April 24, 4 p.m. Friesland, May 22, noon.
Westernland, May 1, noon. Rhinland, May 29, noon.
Noordland, May 8, noon. Westernland, June 5, noon.
Weestland, May 15, noon. Noordland, June 12, noon.

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Pier 14, North River. Office, 6 Bowling Green, N. Y.
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73 Yonge Street, Toronto

HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER-SEX



It Is Natural that A Modest Woman

Should shrink from the thought of submitting herself and her condition to a doctor. This very natural objection is likely in many cases to result in loss of life, where there is no knowledge of an alternative means of relief. MILES' (Canadian) VEGETABLE COMPOUND is that alternative. It cures speedily and radically the worst forms of proflaps Uteri and Leucorrhoea and involves no embarrassment to the suffering victim. Miss Mary T. Tierney, 618 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal, used two large bottles of MILES' (Canadian) VEGETABLE COMPOUND and was cured of falling of the womb after ten years' suffering. Prepared by the "A. M. C." Medicine Co., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal, price 75c, sold by all druggists or sent direct from the Laboratory upon receipt of price. Inquiries from suffering women addressed as above marked personal, will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of THE MOTHER SEX.

Please mention this paper when writing.

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DESIGNED AND ENGROSSED BY A. H. HOWARD & CO.
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MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE
FROM RICH FLAVOURED ENGLISH SEED
SOLD IN 5c. and 10c. TINS.

Good Looking
people have good digestion.
To maintain that, use
ADAMS TUTTI FRUTTI
Refuse imitations. a10

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Has pleasure in informing his friends and patrons that
Commissioner Cowanworth has declared the value of the
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Mr. C. D. Gibson has been making a triumphal tour through the Western States, exhibiting a collection of his well known drawings.

Percy Ives, a young Detroit artist, has been engaged to paint a portrait of President Cleveland.

One of the rumors in London art circles is that Mr. Whistler, the irrepressible and pugnacious, may soon be found at the head of a new society of artists, whose works may possibly be exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.

The London Court Journal says: "It is a pleasant anticipation to look forward to an exhibition of some two hundred cartoons by Sir John Tenniel. These will be selections from the original drawings which have appeared in Punch. As in the case of the recent exhibition of Mr. Sanbourn's drawings, Sir John Tenniel's exhibition will virtually contain only the results of his last five years' labor, as prior to that the drawings made upon the wood itself were cut to pieces by the engraver."

Mr. E. A. Abbey has exhibited in London the five paintings of the series he has undertaken for the Boston Public Library. The subjects chosen are dramatic incidents in the life of Sir Galahad, of King Arthur, and of the Knights of the Round Table. He has already been at work five years on the series and expects it will take four more to complete them.

Some dissatisfaction seems to have been felt at the choice of Detaille to paint the military portrait of the Prince of Wales instead of one of the many competent English artists. The portrait, however, is intended as a present to the Czar of Russia, and it was at the request of the Czar that the French painter was chosen. No doubt he wishes to possess the work of as many famous artists of the time as possible.

Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith is exhibiting, with small admission fee, at 65 King street west, a very vivid and realistic picture of the burning of the Simpson building. There is nothing in the subject to inspire a great work, no special motive, but Mr. Bell-Smith has a well balanced composition in the grouping of the figures, and the canvas is aglow with color. Many will no doubt find it very interesting as dealing with a subject of common interest. Mr. Bell-Smith's picture of a Rainy Evening on King Street is also on exhibition in the same room. The intention is to reproduce both pictures and place the copies on sale.

At the time of writing the art gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists gives promise of a most interesting exhibition. As it is four years since the Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition was held here, many are looking forward with pleasant anticipations to this, the best we have had for some time. Further notice will be reserved for next week, and by that time the number of our academicians will be increased by two. We never use the term without wishing that this most influential art association among us had chosen some name that would be less an echo of what exists in the Mother Country, something that would have suited us, our country and our art, without suggesting comparisons with older existing institutions. After all, though, the answer may come to us, "What's in a name?" so long as we are progressing.

Mr. Carl Ahrens of Doon came to the city Tuesday and will remain for the Academy exhibition.

Mr. Sherwood's well known pastel paintings of St. Bernard dogs, which have been frequently exhibited in the windows of King Street art stores, have been purchased by a Cleveland art-lover. They were recently on view in that city and called for general admiration.

Raffaelli, the French Impressionist, is in Chicago at present and is giving a series of lectures. He attended the art exhibition there last Friday and the papers quoted with pride his opinion that the "average" was better than in Paris. They did not dwell upon his request that something above the average be produced. In an interview he said that American artists remained too long in Paris. He also added: "Too many Americans come to Paris with the idea that to be an artist a man must be a good deal of a bohemian; that he must wear a velvet coat, let his hair grow and drink a good deal; worse yet, that it will do him no harm to spend his nights with disreputable companions. The better the man the better the painter. Some men and great artists who happen to lead disorderly lives are not good painters because of their mode of life, but in spite of it. If a man lives decently he is the more likely to paint well, to give the best that is in him."

LYNN C. DOYLE.

Anecdote of Dr. Norman Macleod.

The late genial Dr. Norman Macleod, of the Barony Church, Glasgow, was a great favorite of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and a frequent and honored guest at Balmoral. On one occasion, after the conclusion of a visit to the Queen's northern home, he went to stay at a brother minister's manse in the south of Scotland. At dinner, on the night of his arrival, the ladies eagerly questioned him as to the details of the home life in the royal circle at Balmoral. In his own inimitable, humorous way Dr. Macleod gratified, or possibly pretended to gratify, their loyal curiosity, shrewdly mingling fact and fiction, and chiefly dwelling on the Sovereign's homely ways.

When the dessert stage was reached, he said to his hostess, "Now, seeing these beautiful strawberries—and I can assure you there were no better ones on the Queen's table—reminds me of a little incident which occurred a few



Young Splinter (driving nervous old party to covert)—Yes, I love a bargain in horseflesh! Now, if you believe me, I picked this little beggar up the other day for a mere song. Bolted with a trap—kicked everything to smash. Bid the fellow a tennor for her, and then she is! [Old party begins to feel that "E don't know where 'e are," or will be presently.]—Punch.

nights ago and at dinner, that shows both the Queen's kindness and her wonderful memory. We were at dessert, and suddenly Her Majesty turned almost angrily to John Brown, who was standing behind her chair, and said, "What are ye about, mon? Dinna ye ken that the doctor aye likes a wee bit drom wi' his strawberries?" John Brown looked confused, but he swiftly brought me some capital Glenlivet, which I had to swallow, whether I liked it or not." There was a puzzled pause at the minister's table. The hostess, however, was equal to the occasion and presently asked, "And you liked it, Dr. Macleod?" The witty, witty and wise divine smilingly bowed his assent, and his wants were promptly attended to. "And mind, Mary," said the hostess to the parlormaid, "this doctor aye likes a wee bit drom wi' his strawberries."

Canvassing for Votes.

A lady canvasser in the recent London County Council elections has been relating some of her experiences. At one house, in answer to her question "Is Mr. — in?" she was told, "No, we cannot give to beggars," and the door was sharply closed.

Proceeding further, this canvasser asked of a woman, engrossed in her scrubbing and cleaning, "Is your husband on the register?" and received the startling reply, "My husband on the register? No, mum; he's on the drink."

Another hard-working wife replied in the course of conversation to the query "Is your husband a Socialist?" "No, mum; he's a lamplighter."

Rather Odd.

Mr. S.—It's very funny.
Mrs. S.—What is it?
"Why, when the doctor treats me I always have to pay for it."

Unjust.

Indianapolis Journal.
"I hardly know whether to laugh or be angry," said Timmins. "One of the boys showed a photograph of me to a detective and the fellow promptly pronounced it that of a criminal."
"That was unjust, my boy," said Simmons. "Stealing jokes has never been defined as a crime."

An Impudent Time.

Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.
Dukane—The Queen Regent of Spain is very slow about replying to Mr. Gresham's demand for an apology.
Gaswell—Oh, well, Gresham ought to have known better than bother a woman about small matters when she is busy selecting her Easter outfit.

AYER'S Cures OTHERS, WILL Cure You.
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
MAKES THE WEAK STRONG.

Consumption.

The incessant wasting of a consumptive can only be overcome by a powerful concentrated nourishment like Scott's Emulsion. If this wasting is checked and the system is supplied with strength to combat the disease there is hope of recovery.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, does more to cure Consumption than any other known remedy. It is for all Affections of Throat and Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Wasting. *Painkiller free.* Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

Quite a Catch.

President Cleveland in the Storm.

How much exposure can a person endure and not be cold?
It depends on circumstances. No, it doesn't either; it depends on the person. Here is an illustration that will make you open your eyes and put on your thinking cap.

On Saturday, March 4th, 1895, Hon. Grover Cleveland was inaugurated President of the United States of America, at the City of Washington. The weather was bad as bad could be. Snow, sleet, rain, with a cold biting wind, were some of its elements. The streets of the city were deep with mud and slush. No more about the weather, it can be imagined. Yet Mr. Cleveland exposed himself to it bareheaded for five hours; half an hour in delivering his inaugural address, and the remainder of the time standing without head covering of any kind, on an open platform, reviewing an immense procession. People watched him in wonder and amazement. "He will catch his death," "He will need the doctor to-night," they said. They saw his face and his bald crown turn blue in the wintry gale. Rheumatism, pneumonia, and gout seemed to flap their black wings over him, like death angels.

Yet he braved it out, hat in hand, went to a ball that night, arose next morning fresh and chipper as a schoolboy, and never suffered at all—not even from a common touch of the snuffles. What on earth protected him? Good luck? Special providence? Not a bit. Still he was protected; as anybody else might be, but usually isn't.

We all remember the epidemic of influenza in the autumn and winter of 1891-92. How it did mow people down, like a scythe swishing through the tall grass! Yet it protected, or killed, only those who were its natural victims. Take a case. In January, 1892, Miss Mary Jones, of Towers Buildings, Llandrinio, near Oswestry, had an attack of influenza. After this she never got up her strength. She remained languid and feeble. Palpitation of the heart, pain in the chest, sour risings in the throat, dry and discolored skin, loss of appetite, and distress after eating, were among the symptoms of her complaint. She grew weaker and weaker until she could walk only with great effort. Medical treatment brought no relief. After months of apparently hopeless illness, Miss Jones was at last entirely cured by a medicine recommended by a friend in Manchester. She states these facts in a letter dated January 26, 1895.

"For over ten years," says Mr. Thomas Alford of 1 Bedwardine Cottages, Quest Hill, Malvern Link, "I was ill. I always felt tired and weary, and had no life or energy. My mouth tasted foul, and I constantly spat up a thick phlegm. After eating I had intense pain and oppression in the chest and sides, and a gnawing sensation in the stomach. Nothing that was done relieved me, until I used a medicine of which I heard by accident. Having taken this for a few weeks all pain and discomfort left me, and I was like a man newly created." Mr. Alford's letter is dated January 13, 1895.

Now, one moment, please, while we quote the words of a leading English physician. He says: "Unless a person already has the poison of disease in him, damp and exposure no more lead to illness than do the stars in heaven."

"The English people," says an American author, "can do anything when once they set their jaw and try." Quite so; and they can understand this illuminating truth from one of their medical lights.

We see the point, don't we? We see what protected President Cleveland from harm during his five hours' exposure on the dreadful day. It was pure blood. His bodily organs were sound and healthy. There were in him no seeds of disease for the cold to develop into illness and death. He was a live man all the way through, and could defy the snow, sleet and wind. What would you give for that sort of insurance on your own life? A million—if you had it! Yes.

Well, it won't cost you so much. The medicine that cured the writers of the letters above named will do the same for anybody—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. It expels the poisons formed by indigestion and dyspepsia, and lifts between you and danger the shield of pure blood, enabling you to stand unscathed when others are falling like brown leaves in the blast.

The white man approached the redskin chief. "Why not bury the hatchet?" said the white man, holding out his hand. The sullen face of the redskin chief was made almost beautiful by a smile. "Aye, why not?" He buried the hatchet in the white man's head.

Short Journeys on a Long Road

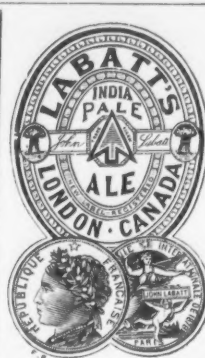
Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone.

A copy of Short Journeys on a Long Road will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

"Seems to me you have put an unusual amount of smoke in this scene," mildly complained the editor. "Had to do it," said the artist. "I hadn't any idea how high the building was, so I had to hide it. See?"

The Wabash Railroad

Is acknowledged by travelers to be the best line to Chicago; shortest and quickest route to Kansas City, Texas, Mexico, California and all south-western points. All trains are superbly equipped with the finest sleeping and chair cars in America. Now is the time to take a trip to Hot Springs, the Carlsbad of America. Their efficacy in curing diseases has been known to the civilized world for generations, and people of all nations have gone thither in successful search of health. Pamphlets, time tables and full particulars from any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.



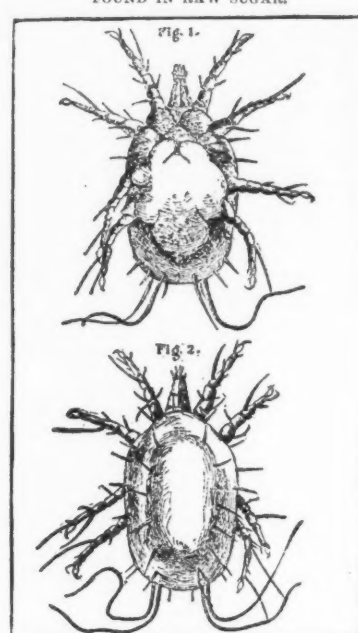
TEN GOLD, SILVER and BRONZE MEDALS AND ELEVEN DIPLOMAS
The most wholesome of beverages.
Always the same—sound and palatable.
JAMES GOOD & CO.
AGENTS
Cor. Yonge and Albert Sts., Toronto



What are Raw Sugars?

Professor Cameron, Public Analyst of the city of Dublin, who has examined samples of raw sugar, states that they contained great numbers of disgusting insects, which produce a disgusting disease. Their shape is very accurately shown in the accompanying figures, magnified two hundred diameters. Fig. 1 is the under side and Fig. 2 is the upper side. His description is as follows:
"The *Acarus sacchari* is a formidably organized, exceedingly lively, and decidedly ugly little animal. From its oval-shaped body stretches forth a proboscis terminating in a kind of scissors, with which it seizes upon its food. Its organs of locomotion consist of eight legs, each jointed and furnished at its extremity with a hook. In the sugar, its movements from one place to another are necessarily very slow, but when placed on a perfectly clean and dry surface, it moves along with great rapidity."

SUGAR INSECT.
"Acarus Sacchari."
FOUND IN RAW SUGAR.



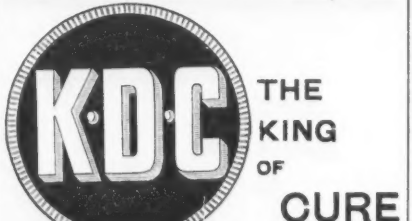
Drawn from life from insects found in grocery Mauritius sugar. By Smith, Beck & Beck, Microscopists, London.

He adds that "the number of *Acarus* found in raw sugar is sometimes exceedingly great, and in no instance is the article quite free from either the insects or their eggs. Muscovado, as it comes from the colonies, should never be used."

He further says: "The *Acarus sacchari* do not occur in Refined Sugar of any quality, because they cannot pass through the charcoal filters of the refinery, and because Refined Sugar does not contain any nitrogenous substance upon which they could feed."

The Meaning of the Slang Term, "He's a Brick."

Very few of the thousands who use the above slang term know its origin or its primitive significance—according to which it is a grand thing to say of a man, "He is a brick." The word used in its original intent implies all that is brave, patriotic and loyal. Plutarch, in his Life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, gives us the meaning of the quaint and familiar expression.



TESTED AND RECOMMENDED

Rev. ISAAC C. BAKER (Methodist Minister), Meaford, Ontario:
"I received, and we have tested in our family the package of K. D. C. which you sent me some months ago. The quantity was sufficient to convince us of its merits as an invaluable remedy for indigestion in its various forms. We have also given a portion of it to persons suffering from indigestion, of the medicine, with our hearty recommendation of it. You are at liberty to publish this if you wish."

FREE SAMPLES K. D. C. AND PILLS

K. D. C. CO., Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., & 127 King St., Boston

On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that though nominally only king of Sparta, he was ruler of Greece—and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defence of the city, but he found nothing of the kind. He marvelled much at this and spoke of it to the king.

"Sire," he said, "I have visited most of the principal towns and I find no walls reared for defence. Why is this?"

"Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Agesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly, on the following morning the king led his guest out upon the plain where his army was drawn up in full array, and pointing proudly to the patriot host he said: "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men and every man a brick."

"A GOOD THING PUSH IT ALONG"
— JOHN —
BROWN'S SPECIAL SCOTCH
(3 Star)
On sale at Mobile & Co.'s, J. C. Moore's, Lockhart & Co.'s, G. W. Cooley's, F. Giles', T. H. George's and D. Kirkpatrick's.
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Why BE PALE AND LANGUID ANY LONGER?
Artemia, or Poverty of Blood, is the cause of the many pale faces we see as the present day.
An Artemic person may be known by a pale, waxy and bloodless complexion and colorless lips.
Jolly's "Brachess" Pills will restore color, health, strength and beauty, and make the palest face clear and rosy, thus producing a healthy complexion.
Artemia is it which takes the lustre from the eyes, the rosy hue from the cheeks, the cherry color from the lips.
To restore these all that is necessary is to send 50 cents to LYMAN BROS. & Co., Sole Agents, 71 Front Street E., Toronto, for a box of Jolly's "Brachess" Pills, containing 50 doses, easy to take and sufficient to cure.

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Our Communion and Invalids' Wine
"ST. AUGUSTINE" (Registered),
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Greatest cure for Rheumatism, Cold, Cough, Lung, Gout, Kidney and Liver Complaint and Insomnia.
Chiropractic always in attendance. Phone 1288.

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This medicine is superior to all others for Wind, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething or other ailments. It will give baby sound, healthy sleep and rest, also quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Extensively used for the last forty years. Testimonials on application.
Trial Bottles, 10c. Large Bottles, 25c.
None genuine without bearing name and address of
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Those wearing Trusses, and also physicians, are invited to examine this great boon for the ruptured.

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ONE of the MOST PERFECT HOMES in this growing metropolis, being that entirely new, truly superb, cabinet finished, brown stone, pressed brick, detached residence.

No. 170 Isabella St., N. W. cor. of Sherbourne. Two elegant bathrooms, gente private lavatory, exposed sanitary plumbing and combined hot water and hot air heating. Now in the very time to purchase. Rock bottom price; very small amount of cash required and low interest. Ready for immediate occupancy. Apply to, or address, A. WILLIS, 1 Toronto St., cor. King St. Tel. 1053. 22 For a doctor or dentist this special location would be unsurpassed by any in Toronto.

Confederation Life Assembly Hall

Cor. Yonge and Richmond Sts.

Is highly adapted for

At Homes, Banquets, Assemblies, Lectures, Rehearsals, Conventions, Etc.

The accommodation in connection with the above hall is of the highest order, heated by steam and lighted by Electricity, ventilated by Electric Fans, large Dining-room and Kitchen with range; also retiring and dressing rooms on the same floor. For full particulars apply to

A. M. CAMPBELL,

Confederation Building, 8 Richmond Street East.

Genuine Pity.

Wiener Left.

Beggar—Ach, my dear sir, I have lost my leg. Gent—Very sorry. I haven't seen it anywhere about.

Mr. J. N. McKendry, the Yonge street dry goods merchant, accompanied by two buyers, leaves on Monday for New York to purchase up-to-date novelties.

Art Furniture and Bronzes by Auction.

Messrs. Charles M. Henderson & Co. will sell on Thursday next, April 25, all the rare and costly household furniture, piano, bronzes, paintings, china, etc., belonging to Mr. Hugo Black. The sale takes place at the residence, 226 Jarvis street. This sale will no doubt attract a large number of our best people, owing to the goods being all of a high class.

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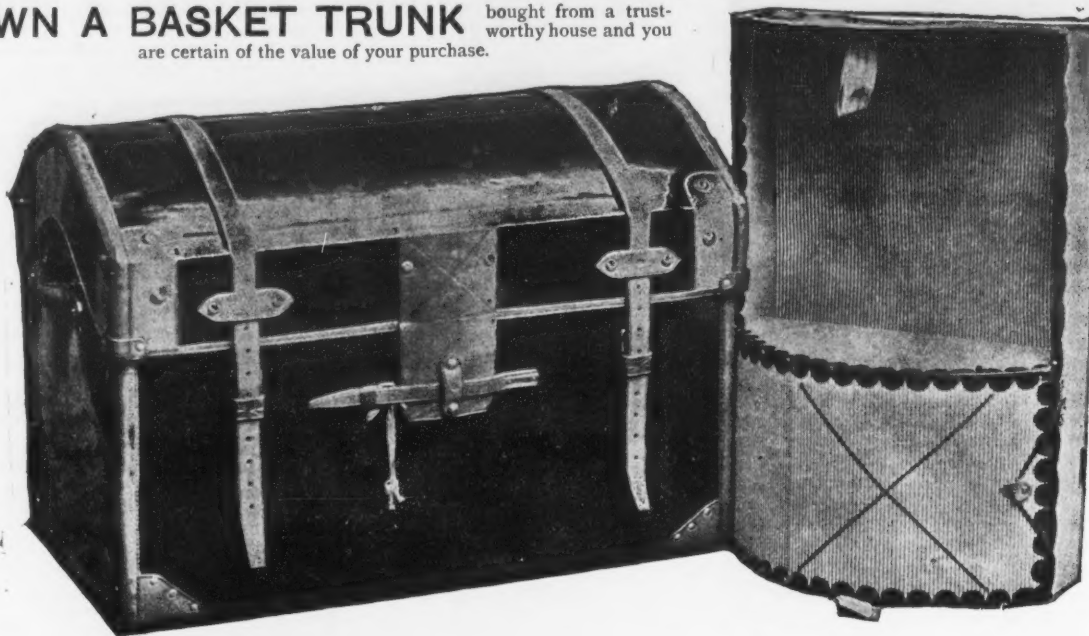
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OWN A BASKET TRUNK bought from a trustworthy house and you are certain of the value of your purchase.



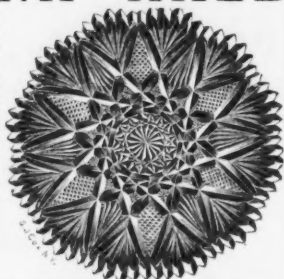
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33 inch.... 21 00 40 inch.... 25 00 } OTHER LINES LOWER.

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JUNIOR & IRVING, 49 King Street East

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

CROZIER—April 10, Mrs. J. A. G. Crozier—a daughter. HEARN—April 8, Mrs. R. Hearn—a daughter. NICHOLLS—April 10, Mrs. T. C. Nicholls—a daughter. TENNANT—April 10, Mrs. W. S. Tennant—a son. DOUGLAS—April 5, Mrs. D. G. Douglas—a daughter. WINTON—April, Mrs. A. C. Winton—a daughter. REATH—April 14, Mrs. Stuart Reath—a son.

Marriages.

DOWER—BURKE—April 11, James H. Dower to Nettie Burke. HART—HARPER—April —, Rev. E. V. Hart, B.A., to Laura Harper. MILLS—McKEOWN—April 10, Arthur Mills to Frances O. McKee. PAYNE—PORTER—April 15, John H. Payne to M. Constance Porter.

Deaths.

DACK—April 17, Minnie Dack, aged 32. LOCKWOOD—April 17, S. K. Lockwood, aged 42. BUCKE—Sarna, April 13, Elizabeth Bucke, aged 50. HUNGERFORD—London, Becker Hungerford, aged 85. MATHESON—April 5, William Marshall Matheson, aged 62. GOLDIE—Huntville, Camilla Goldie, aged 33. DARRACOT—April 12, Mary Ann Darracot, aged 53. TAYLOR—April 12, James Reid Taylor, aged 82.

DR. G. L. BALL, DENTIST, Tel. 2138. Following dissolution of partnership, remains in Dr. Hipkins' late office, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets.

R. WALKER & SONS

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All the standard makers' goods in all the newest shapes.

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In the newest cloths and styles, and a further shipment near at hand.

A full sized garment from \$4 to \$18.

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We carry a full range in stock of SUITS, PALETOTS and ULSTERS in all the newest Tweeds at the lowest prices.

R. WALKER & SONS

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McKENDRY & CO.

The Horse Show

Perhaps it is safe to say that more than half the prettiest hats and bonnets worn on Thursday and Friday at the Horse Show were from the hands of our specialists. We've not known what it was to have an idle moment for ten days past. Sales are simply wonderful, and the ladies of every rank in life pronounce our Millinery Department the best in town. Next Monday two millinery buyers go to New York to purchase the very latest things in headgear; besides this, we've got a lot of "patterns" on the way from Europe, so that customers may rely on keeping well posted as to fashions here at all times.

Mantles

Keeping step with the success of the Millinery Department is the Jacket and Cloak corner. Never have we had so many pretty novelties to show. Prices might make a poor judge of quality think the garments mean. Because you've been paying \$15 for a cape we'll sell at \$8.50 is no reason you shall continue the record. Our mantles are imported direct from the most fashionable manufacturers of Berlin and London. No middle profits; no agents' commission. The shortest cut possible we take in order that the goods shall reach you at proper prices.

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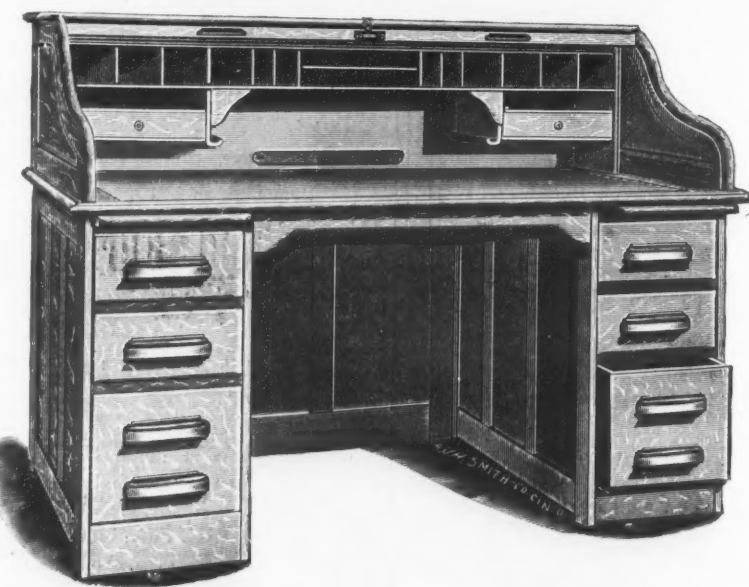
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